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ABSTRACT

Of the approximately 60 ethnic cultures in Nova Scotia, 30 are described in this introduction to the multicultural society of Nova Scotia. The objective of this publication is the development of a greater tolerance and cultural awareness among people of diverse backgrounds, through a greater knowledge of each other. The monograph is alphabetically arranged into 30 chapters, representing 30 ethnic groups with a small pictorial characterization heading each chapter. Each chapter contains a summary statement of the land of origin and the arrival of settlers in Nova Scotia and a discussion of reasons for emigration and difficulties of adjusting to this new country as well as a description of traditions and customs held by each group of newcomers. A collection of personal stories, points of view, and poems and articles, either written by individuals or transcribed from taped interviews, gives this research a human dimension. The included material was read, amended, and approved by persons representing the diversity of ethnic groups in order to avoid misidentification. Appended are a bibliography arranged by ethnic groups, a list of the 60 Nova Scotia ethnic cultures, and census statistics for the ethnic groups for the years of 1871, 1901, 1941, and 1971. (LH)

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People of Nova Scotia

Introduction to 30 world cultures in Nova Scotia with personal stories, poems and viewpoints.

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Multicultural Association of Nova Scotia
5516 Spring Garden Road
Suite 305
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3J 1G6.

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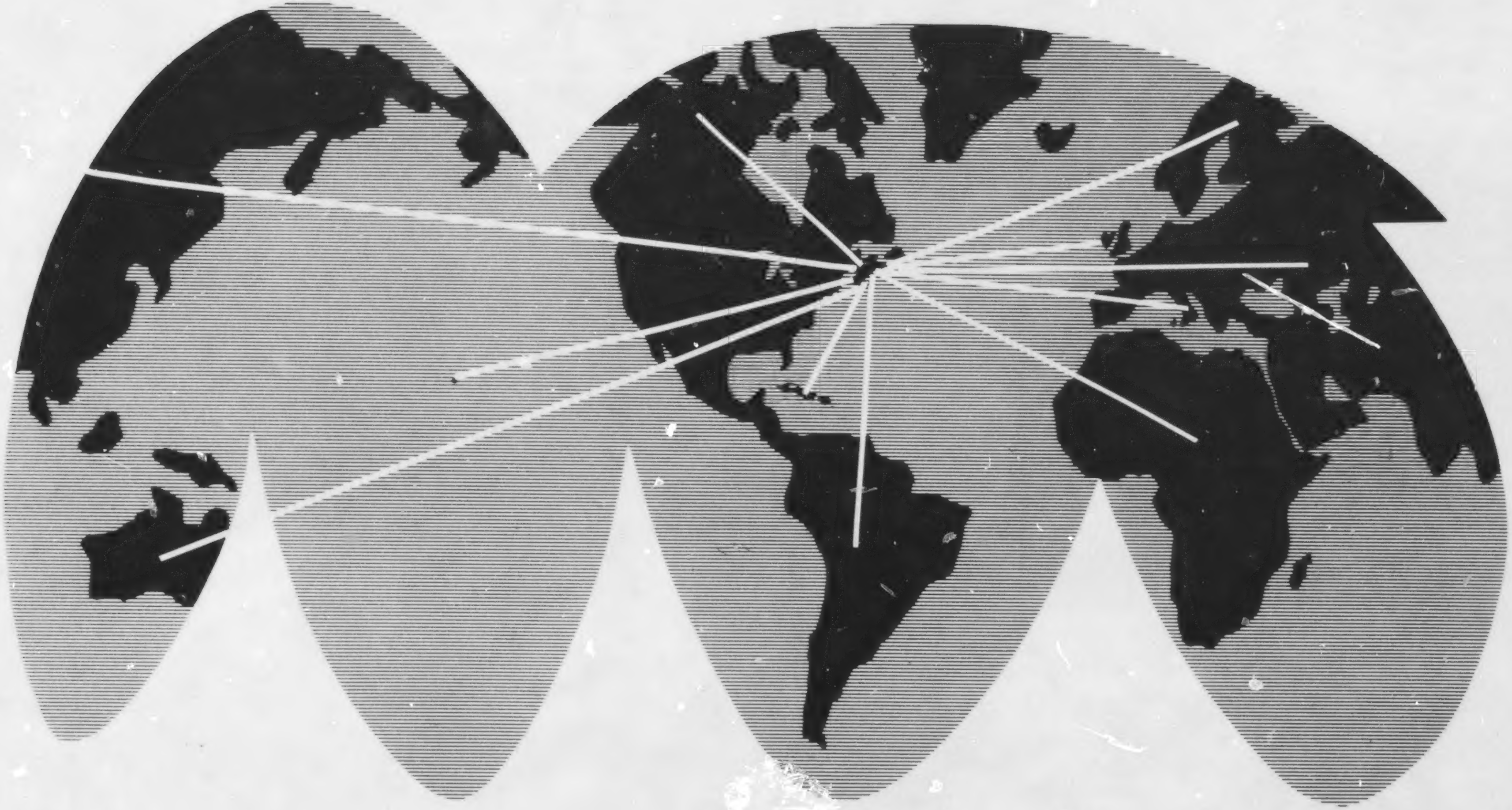

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Ethnic Groups
(Second Edition)

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Introduction

People of Nova Scotia

How many ethnic groups do you think live in Nova Scotia?

Thirty or, maybe, forty?

Much to our surprise, we discovered more than sixty ethno-cultures in Nova Scotia. Certainly this is a much higher count than usually attributed to this part of Canada and virtually nothing has been written about the majority of them.

Here, then, is a beginning.

Two books, *People of Nova Scotia I,* and *People of Nova Scotia II*, have been prepared for community organizations. They are parts of a multicultural resource kit prepared by the Multicultural Association of Nova Scotia, and financed by the Department of the Secretary of State and the Nova Scotia Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness.

These books aim at developing a greater tolerance and understanding among people of diverse backgrounds, through a greater knowledge of one another. From this beginning, we hope that further materials on the ethnic groups may be gathered for mutual understanding.

The first book provides a summary statement of the land of origin and the arrival of settlers in Nova Scotia, beginning with an account of the first Nova Scotians, the Micmacs.

When ethnic organizations exist, approval of material was obtained from them. In other cases, individual persons from ethnic groups read, amended and approved the material.

The second book is a collection of fascinating personal stories, points of view, poems and articles, either written by individuals, or transcribed from our taped interviews.

Our researchers and I travelled much of the province, meeting first with existing local multicultural associations or with persons reached by the MANS research project of 1977. We described the project and asked for support and assistance. Through members of the Association, and others, we were directed to people that we interviewed, and to reference centres such as the College of Cape Breton, and St. Francis Xavier University. To keep the public abreast of our work, we provided regular articles to *SHARE*, the Association's quarterly, and releases and interviews for local television, radio and the newspapers.

Ethnic cultures were defined through geographical, national and ethnic affiliations. We did not attempt to place "labels"; rather, in situations where more than one identification was possible, people told us how they wished to be identified.

In this first edition, some thirty groups are described. They were chosen simply because we had access to information about them. Our time, eight months only, was extremely limited.

Both large groups and small groups are included. Since all groups are important, it is our hope that a second edition to include the rest, will be prepared in the early 1980s.

This multicultural statement is overdue in Nova Scotia, where the history of settlement is long. Certain ethnic traits have persisted through the centuries, and some have been adopted by Nova Scotians generally. New groups are arriving, especially from Asia, and the cultural richness is broadening. It is time to know "who we are" in Nova Scotia.

Every page of *People of Nova Scotia* deserves acknowledgement of time and thought given by people from all over the province. We cannot mention all by name, but we express a sincere "thank you" to each one.

Particular mention must be made of: Shawna Paris and Nadine Smith, who lived with an erratic schedule to accomplish this production; Bonifacio D. Juan, whose artistic portraits enliven these pages; Anne Munro, whose typing skills and artistic advice were first-rate and essential; Dr. A.P. Johnstone, Co-ordinator of Ethnic Services, Nova Scotia Department of Education, whose world outlook lifted our vision; Greg Tynski, who produced a fine colouring book for children; Seto Scott, whose informal consultation provided insight; Sheila Cole, whose editing skills improved these pages; the staff of the International Education Centre, Saint Mary's University, whose cooperation was unsurpassed; the Department of the Secretary of State, and the Nova Scotia Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness, without whose financial assistance this project would not have been undertaken.

Special thanks go to Barbara Campbell, Executive Director of the Multicultural Association of Nova Scotia, whose patience and positive outlook were always an enccuragement.

We are indeed fortunate to live where we can be ourselves and grow in a society where diversity of culture enriches our lives. May this publication help us toward even further freedom and respect for one another!

Fran Maclean, Co-ordinator
Multicultural Awareness Program
Multicultural Association of Nova Scotia

This book combines both Book I and Book II referred to in the introduction.

Word from our researchers

Dear Reader:

It is with great appreciation I write this brief note to summarize my gratitude for the opportunity to have contributed to the development of this resource kit.

The past months have brought to light an awareness of our society which might otherwise have remained dim.

During the research I have met people from across the globe and personally accumulated knowledge of their cultures. As they told stories of their homelands and journeys, I felt myself sharing their insecurities, hardships, sorrows and joys which so often accompanied them.

To me this research has meant the adventure of discovery, the importance of culture, to help us better understand one another, and the ability to confront a unique challenge of this kind.

I truly hope this resource kit will provide a starting point to further develop cultural awareness in a multicultural society such as that which exists in Nova Scotia.

Shawna Paris
Researcher

Dear Reader:

My time spent as a researcher for the Multicultural Association of Nova Scotia was an experience unique in its challenges and rewards. The diversity of the ethnic groups encountered and the people representing them, provided great opportunities for learning.

The traditions, customs and the colours they evoked opened my eyes to much that I hadn't seen before. Indeed it often appeared that there was too little time and too much information to assimilate it all properly.

At this time, I would like to express my appreciation to those people who allowed me the privilege of interviewing them during the course of my work. Without the invaluable aid of the contributors, none of what is presented in this edition could have been possible.

I sincerely hope that the results of this project will signify the accomplishment of at least some of the goals set forth. I know that everyone that reads this will realize the value of this work.

Thank you for the chance to meet such an interesting group of people so important to our Canadian way of life!

Nadine Smith
Researcher

Acadian

Country of Origin

France, located in western continental Europe, is known for its remarkably diverse landscape of plains, mountains, valleys and seashore. Groups such as the Celts, Greeks, Romans, Franks and Norsemen have shaped the country's history. Among its industries are: fishing, iron and coal, wine-making, agriculture and manufactured goods. Paris is the capital and Marseilles the major port.

To Nova Scotia

The Acadians in Nova Scotia are descendants of the early French settlers in Acadie. Today, approximately 80,000 French Acadian people are spread out over Nova Scotia and over 50% still speak Acadian French. These numbers are concentrated in certain areas of the province such as: the "French Shore" or southwestern Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island and Halifax.

Nova Scotia's Acadians have a history of hard work and determination — Nova Scotia was a desolate land in the 17th and 18th centuries. The early French settlers had to learn how to farm and fish in a manner totally unfamiliar to them in order to remain alive in an often harsh climate. The expulsion of the Acadians in 1755 is seen in most history books as being the result of French refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the Crown. The latest evidence suggests that the main reason for this mass disposal was the British desire to possess land held by the French. Whatever the reason, the expulsion interrupted the lives of the French Acadians and the story of their eventual return is one of bravery and persistence.

Acadians, like other French-speaking Canadians, have encountered problems with the government and general population in their efforts to make Canada a bilingual country. In Nova Scotia, Acadian communities are grouped according to the allocation of lands as directed by the governor when they first returned after the expulsion. Living in these specific communities, Acadians have been able to retain many of their colourful traditions.

Preservation of the Acadian French language is regarded as the key to keeping all channels open for teaching the young people their songs, dance and literature. The number of young Acadian children receiving their education in French is steadily increasing and where once there was unwarranted shame at being of French Acadian descent, there is now pride and happiness. The children speak their native language with pride and a sense of accomplishment.

Many of the customs and traditions that characterized their way of life in past decades remain alive in the hearts of present-day Acadians. A number of these could be found to have their origin within the church which has always played an important role in their lives. Candlemas day is a time for much religious ceremony. On this special day candles are taken to church to be blessed and thereafter used to protect the family from impending disasters in following years. On this day it is customary to eat pancakes for the evening meal. After eating these, a young girl takes a mirror to the cellar where she is supposed to see reflected the face of her future husband.

Easter is another time for celebration. Festivities often differ from one community to another. When Lent is celebrated, special masses and church suppers are well attended. Good Friday is strictly observed.

An old Acadian custom in relation to spring planting and seeding was the blessing of the seeds by the Parish priest. This happened at a special mass during three days called Rogation Days which fell on the fifth week of Easter. As harvest time approached, the crops were blessed. This custom was observed on the first Sunday of September.

Christmas is a special time full of age old traditions that the Acadians love to celebrate. In addition to other religious holidays, there are births, communions, confirmations, engagements and weddings to be celebrated and dealt with in Acadian fashion.

Special foods are served on these occasions, the most noted of which is "rappie pie" (called simply meat pie in Cape Breton). Music and dance, so representative of the culture, add to every celebration. There is a unique flavour to Acadian music and eastern Canada has many talented French Acadian singers.

When speaking of the French in Nova Scotia one must remember that there are a small number of French people from France. Their circumstances are somewhat different since they have come to Canada for a short time only and in connection with their work. The men generally acquire the English language rapidly through their work as do their children, but the wives who stay at home find the adjustment difficult. Since the stay in Canada is relatively short, there is little attempt at assimilation and more a sense of isolation in this land where mainly English is spoken.

In addition to the few people who have come from France, there are a number who originally came from the islands of St. Pierre et Miquelon. Their forefathers are direct descendants of people who originated in France.

For the French people who live in what was originally called Acadie, life is generally a quiet one. At one time most Acadian families lived off the land and the sea simultaneously, farming a little and fishing when there was a lull in the management of the farm. But little of that self-sufficiency is left. Most of the men now do only one type of work and find it a bit difficult to maintain the old sense of self-sufficiency that was such a source of pride to past generations.

Conflicts between Canada's French and English flare up periodically and when this happens Acadians have to face their real feelings on the matter. Conditions for the French-speaking minority in Canada have been improving but there are many sources of contention yet to be discussed and solved. Opinions vary greatly on what should and could be done about the bilingual, bicultural question. The French in Nova Scotia have often felt like second class citizens, often times forced to abandon their language.

Many people think education should be available to their children in the French language as well as in English. They would also like to see more attention paid to French art and music. But most Acadians fear the idea of a separate Quebec. That situation would leave 1,000,000 Francophones without a solid front to support their needs and opinions.

Acadians are proud of their own kind of French. Many interesting words and phrases puzzle linguists as they search for their origin.

Travelling along Nova Scotia's French shore or stopping by the communities in Cape Breton, one still encounters the past while sensing new excitement and promise for the future.

Sources:
— Six interviews taped in Digby County and Halifax
— *Along the Shores of St. Mary's Bay* by J. Alphonse Deveau
— *Settlers of Nova Scotia* by Virginia Clark (1971)
— *L'Acadie du Discours* by Jean-Paul Hautecour
— *Histoire et Genealogie des Acadiens* by Bona Arsenault
— *Encyclopaedia Canadiana*

Acadian Life in Nova Scotia

by Rev. Leger Comeau, Church Point

Living his language and culture in Nova Scotia is as difficult for an Acadian as for a polar bear to winter in Florida. Both have been expelled from their natural habitat and both have to live in unsuitable climates.

Shaken by an explosion 200 years ago, a volcanic mountain retains to this day the shape and vegetation caused by that initial eruption. Expulsion and dispersion are not events of the past with no influence on the present. 1755 lives on even today.

Geographical dispersion has remained to this day. In south-western Nova Scotia, two communities of approximately 8,000 each, the districts of Clare and Argyle, are separated by the predominantly English town of Yarmouth. At the other end of the province, Richmond County counts 5,155 Acadians separated by a hundred miles of mountains from the 3,595 fellow countrymen of Inverness. Close to 20,000 Acadians live in total diaspora in Halifax County.

Not only are Acadians geographically separated but such a situation breeds educational, cultural, social, psychological and economic dispersion and poverty as well. Cut off from the vital sources of French life, Acadians had to nourish themselves on their own resources which, with time, became very lean indeed.

Dispersion and isolation also generated inequality between the Anglo-Saxon and the Acadian communities of Nova Scotia.

The present situation is one in which the approximately 40,000 French-speaking Acadians of Nova Scotia are drowned in the 230,000,000 Anglo-Saxon North American ocean.

We are immersed in an ocean of English. It is practically impossible for a French fish to breathe and survive in these waters. Acadians, and generally French minorities outside Quebec, have French oxygen in one lung and English in the other and their heart pumps more English blood than French. Most of them speak French but think English. An English mentality gargling in a French throat, would be a good description of a French Canadian living outside Quebec. And a goodly number are proud of it. They readily kneel at the English altar to pay homage to their English idols who have succeeded in politics, business, industry, arts. . .everywhere. To be English is to be superior. And, therefore, many are the French Canadians who, in order to climb the social ladder, have become Mr. Wedge instead of Aucoin, White instead of LeBlanc, Hoag instead of Cauchon.

And so, not only is the tree attacked from outside by budworms, but it is weakened by internal bleeding of its own sap.

Between snow and water, there is an in-between called slush. A Canadian who cannot fully identify with one of the two mainstreams of national culture is in a state similar to that of slush. And, therefore, he is a weak Canadian, contributing very little to the vitality of Canadian life. Too many Acadians are neither snow nor water. Can they still become someone? By themselves, never! With the English, yes! In war with the English, they are doomed. In peaceful collaboration, they will survive and grow.

The history of English-French relationship in Canada has for too long been one of cold war. Even in periods of détente, we never fully trusted one another. When any feelings of understanding and harmony were expressed, it was very often at the expense of one's death. How often have I heard English Nova Scotians say, "I get along perfectly well with Acadians. Acadians are nice". Too often this simply meant "As Acadians they are dead. They express no feelings different from mine and they express themselves in my language". As Albert Brie said, "Bilingualism means speaking in English and listening in French".

And that is part of the problem of living our language and culture in Nova Scotia. Acadians have never gotten over the fright of 1755. Acadians today are still scared; do not upset the English — do everything to prevent the bulldog from snarling! As soon as an Acadian reaches a position where he can wield a certain degree of power and influence, he is frightened by the English ghosts all around him and he immediately pleads "Thy will be done in Acadia as in Heaven".

And so our way of living is determined to a large extent by the English. One instance of this is our educational system, conceived by the English, for the English, with French patchwork, added by Acadians. The jeans are English, the patches are French. No Acadian would dare go any further than ask that the jeans become French and the

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patches English.

Of course, a good number of Acadians are happy with the present educational system — up to the day when they apply for a truly bilingual job. And who can blame them for being satisfied until the day they are shocked into reality. Their mentality has been molded mainly by the English cult I spoke about earlier and by today's great teachers, the media communications. The only daily newspaper in Nova Scotia is English. The Acadian weekly newspaper, "Le Courrier de la N.-E." has to compete with the Vanguard. A multitude of radio stations from Canada and the United States practically drown out the one and only French radio station, CBAF Moncton. We were given French television in 1970 only. Already all eyes and ears had been trained and seduced by English TV. Add to that the fact that, until the opening of the Education Department at Université Sainte-Anne three years ago, our teachers received their training in English Universities or at an English Teachers' College.

What can our Acadian politicans do to enrich the ground wherein our future will grow? Very little! Except for the Clare MLA, Acadian MLAs and MPs are elected as much by English voters as by Acadians. Therefore, they fear to identify too closely with Acadians.

These and many other such problems can be sources of frustration but they may be overcome to a certain extent. A new cloud has emerged on the horizon . . . perhaps the most threatening danger of all and here we are helpless. This phantom bears the name of LOVE. Our Acadians are falling in love with English boys and girls and marrying them . . . and living happily after in English. "Fini le français", once your life partner is English. He or she will not bother to learn French and no social pressure coming from the "nice Acadians" will force him or her to do so. With the result that the language of the home, and, therefore, of the children and gradually of our schools, becomes English.

The 1971 census reveals that in Nova Scotia, the exogamy rate was 32.6 for husbands of French mother tongue and 32.1 for wives. But the most striking data is that out of this, 32% marrying English partners, 93% speak English in the home. As declared in *The Heirs of Lord Durham*, page 31: "This situation is appalling when we think of the generation that will come out of these marriages."

"It took 200 years for assimilation to affect 38% of the Acadians in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island but only 3 decades for the next 34%. How many years will pass before the final 28% fade away?" (Richard J. Joy, *Languages in Conflict*, p. 36).

The *Heirs of Lord Durham* concludes this chapter in the following terms: "Only a general policy involving all the governments, a Canadian policy accepted by all the provinces and based on the recognition of the French-Canadian community across Canada can now stop the avalanche and change the present course of history". (p. 27).

Such a general policy would require a dramatic, almost miraculous change of heart on the part of all Canadians. As Jean Cadieux, the president of Moncton University, said recently, "It is not a matter of statistics! The question is whether a francophone group can live in harmony with the other group."

The Canada of tomorrow will be built much more in the hearts of Canadians than by laws and constitutional changes. In the hearts of Canadians lies the only answer to the question: In this vast land of ours, can there only be an English Canada and a separate French state?

"Did you ever hear about Jerome?"

Interview with Acadian Emile Frontain,
Digby County

I was born in 1907, in Cap Ste. Marie, in the lower part of Digby County on the Yarmouth County line. It's a crossroad, about two miles long and it was all divided into small farms, not big enough to make a living on, so they had a fishing outfit. They were doing both. In wintertime, they cut their wood, they prepared their traps. Then in the spring, on the first of March, lobster season would open in those days. They put their traps overboard. On a windy day, they would start planting. They would do their farming. At the end of the fishing season, they'd finish the little farming they were going to do. They'd go out cod fishing until it was time for haying. Then, at hay time, they would haul their boats up at the wharf and cut the hay and prepare that, they would go out fishing for a little while, until it was time to dig the crops. All the time that they were out fishing, the women had to look after the hens, cows and pigs, so that's one of the reasons I was never interested to make a living that way. My father did it.

I was the youngest one of 12, and I had seven brothers. Every one of my brothers, except me, at one time or another had a fishing outfit. When I was under 18, I didn't care for that kind of living, so I left and I went to New York. I wanted to go out and work, so I said, "I'm going". So, I went and I started there in an old shipyard where they repaired scows and tugboats — dirty work, heavy work. I started looking to see if I couldn't leave there and go in the boat shop, because in the city of New York they had the finest boat shop in the U.S.A. After a while I got in there, so I started there and enjoyed the work. I went home on vacation and my father and mother were old and they didn't want me to go back. So, I stayed home and worked a couple of years with my brother, tending lighthouse. My brother was a lighthouse keeper. Then I worked another couple of years in a general store and then, after my mother and father were dead, I started looking for an opening to go again.

Then, war started, and I came to Halifax and worked a year for a company from Montreal that was working for the navy yard here in the dockyard. While I was working for them, I was keeping my eyes open for a job for when that job was finished. Since it was in the navy yard. the last few days I was working on that job, I started making inquiries how to get in the navy yard, as a tradesman. The minute that job was done, I started in the navy yard and I worked there for 31 years.

First I worked on the boats outdoors. One day you were in the wardroom where it was 90 degrees, and the next day you were on top repairing a boat in temperatures of zero degrees. I was sick all the time; flu and grippe. Then they opened a shop where they make furniture and that, so they transferred me in there and I worked there a few years. Then, I got a boss job and I had that boss job until I retired seven years ago.

You ask about the lighthouse. It was a lovely structure at Cap Ste. Marie, right on the end of the point and there was a fog alarm — separate buildings, but attached to the house. The light was run on kerosene and it had a mantel — it turns a blue light. There's a revolving reflector and that was run by a weight, about a hundred pound weight and every four hours you had to go and crank up that weight. Twenty-four hours a day, there was always one man on duty, so one week I would always have the shift before midnight and the next week I would have the shift after midnight. Then you keep an eye for the fog. You would start the kerosene engines on gasoline, then switch to kerosene — was cheaper that way. You keep an eye open and when the fog came in about a half mile off shore, you start the engine for the foghorn. They've torn the foghorn down now, because it was too much to look after. But the lighthouse building — it was a crime to tear that down. Now they have only a little structure of steel, tower-like, and it's automatic. It pretty near runs itself. That has made a big change.

It was very dangerous off that point, not when the fog comes in, but when the wind blows. It's rough. There's a point there and a riptide and when the wind starts blowing, it gets howling. One of my brothers-in-law was drowned there. I saw him drown. It started blowing and they came in, heading for the wharf and he went too close from the end of the point. A big wave hit the boat and turned it upside down. Then, when I was home, there was a place called, "Trinity Ledge" — it's a rock and you barely see it. You see the seaweed at low tide, then they have a buoy on it with a light on it. When I was about 12 years old, there was an English freighter that ran aground on it. But outside of that, we were pretty lucky.

I've got three daughters. The minute they walk in the house, out comes the French. They all graduated from college. I scratched a bit in my day.

I hear these people moaning and that, and looking at the government to do something to keep the tongue going. I didn't look to my neighbours and I didn't look to the government. I said, "You're going to speak French when you're in the house." When they were big enough, I had little books for them, I read for them. One was a school teacher. Right up until last week she had a weekly adult French-education class.

There was one thing I didn't go for at work, and that was walking among a bunch of fellows and start babbling in French right next to English people. When I was working with English people, I spoke the best I could.

French is like anything else. You can overdo it. I think some in Quebec are overdoing it. There's a happy medium to everything and I think everyone should have guts enough to stick to their language, to a certain limit and especially to teach their native tongue.

There's one thing about my home town that will stick in my mind the rest of my days. When the first war started, that's almost before my time, I was there. Every two or three miles down there, they were building those big three-masted schooners and four-masted schooners. Some of the loveliest sailing ships in the world were built down there and I often thought, "What mechanical minds those men must have had!" It was all people from around there that did the work, people with very little education and they built the ships, they made the spars, rigged and ready to go. In those days there was nothing like going for an apprenticeship. Now, you go and you take schooling and then you do the work with your hands. There was no such thing as that in those days. A lot of that work was handmade.

Where I was born, there was a sand beach. After a gale wind, it was covered with seaweed. The people were there before daylight in the morning — they used to come from the main road, three miles away. You'd hear those bells they often had and they'd pile that on the sand dunes all winter long and towards spring they'd haul that on their farm land. They tell me there's not one person who cares for that now, and they tell me there's no more seaweed coming ashore anyway. But, coming through that seaweed there's another thing that I could never find out. On the sand dunes there, the grass is about 18 inches high and flat — little beach grass — where they were piling that seaweed all winter through. There were piles as big as this house, and in the spring when they'd haul it away, all the grass under it would be burned black by the strength of that seaweed rotting away. And what would spring up from there? Spinach — wild spinach that looked exactly like the spinach you buy at the store! It tasted exactly like it, too. I spoke to different people about it, and they had no idea and I'd like to talk to a chemical engineer. What could react in those chemicals there to produce spinach?

Our dialect of French is a long way from being perfect because we use a lot of English words, but when we read, we read good enough for anybody. Our pronunciation is good. We turn around and talk different lingo than we read, but still, I'm proud of it. If you could take 10 words out of that language and make people pronounce it right, the rest of it would follow.

Talking about the Acadians down home, did you ever hear about Jerome? These people went out on the beach to pick up seaweed, like we were talking about before and they saw this man sitting on a rock. It was in Sandy Cove, at the head of St. Mary's Bay, on what we call the "neck". He was on top of a big rock. Both legs were amputated recently, and he had bread and a bottle of water. He never spoke a word. A few years after that, the government put out a fund for his keeping and they moved him to about four miles from where I lived, until he died. I was alive when he died, but I never saw him. They knew as much then as they know today. They don't know where he came from. The only thing they saw was a big sailing ship, not far offshore the day before that. They thought he said something that sounded like the name Jerome, so that's what they called him. The people on the French shore looked after him for the rest of his life. They were paid by the government to do so, but not at first. My father saw him.

There's another thing that happened that involved the people from there. There was a sailing vessel that was found in the middle of the ocean in nice, smooth weather, with all the sails up and the name of the ship was the Marie-Céleste. The dishes were on the table as if they had just finished eating and not a soul on board. From that day to this, they don't know what happened.

Australian

Country of Origin

Australia, a continent, a country and an island was explored first in 1770 by Captain James Cook, who claimed it for Great Britain. Australia's first European settlers were English convicts. They were later followed by pioneers, who joined the aboriginal inhabitants in developing the land (40 percent of which is too arid for extensive human settlement). Today the nation has vast sheep ranches and produces much of the world's wool. Home ownership is high. The largest city is Sydney and Melbourne is the major port. The federal capital is Canberra.

To Nova Scotia

Although a survey of Nova Scotia's immigrants wouldn't reveal a very large number of native Australians, this province has attracted a few. Often they have come more by accident than by design. An attractive job offer sometimes acted as the stimulus to turn itchy Australian feet in this direction. It is said that one of the first thoughts to enter a young Australian's mind when he reaches an independent age is the idea to see what the rest of the world has to offer.

Most Australian immigrants encountered few difficulties here since they often had jobs awaiting them. According to one person, Canada customs and immigration officials have earned an excellent reputation for courtesy and helpfulness, easing the initial worries and apprehensions of moving to a new country. The advantage of having a common language and a similiar mode of living, makes assimilation comparatively easy for Australians. Those we spoke with had no particular compulsion to seek out their countrymen here. They make no great effort to live as neighbours in the province and there is no provincial or Canadian association formed to maintain the Australian culture.

Australia is like Canada, a very young country. Its culture has been influenced by its native peoples. The *didgeridoo*, an aboriginal creation, is a long pipe-like instrument that makes a droning sound.

Australians celebrate the same occasions as most Canadians, but Australia Day on January 26 is unique. It is celebrated party-style, unlike ANZAC day which commemorates the bravery of the Australian-New Zealand Army corps during the World Wars. Celebrated on November 11, ANZAC day is characterized by marches, parades, speeches and various meetings. Another national holiday in Australia reflects an important side of Australian life, Melbourne Cup Day. As one lady put it, "Horse racing is a religion then, hand in hand with gambling. . . why, an Australian will bet on the way a fly walks up a wall!"

Australians in Nova Scotia do not strive to maintain traditions concerning particular foods and customs. At least one Australian interviewed, considered Canadians somewhat lazy, forever using a car to get from A to B! In contrast, sports in Australia takes high priority and everyone participates in some form. Although they perceive

Canadians as somewhat unwilling to move about and experiment, the most powerful impression they have is of the friendliness extended to them in this new country.

It appears that Canada has often been presented as romantically to other countries as other countries have been presented to Canadians. Many Australians are quite surprised to discover, on arrival, that the scarlet jackets of the "Mounties" are almost a thing of the past.

Generally, Australians are happy here and do not plan to return home. They seem to miss little, but still cherish fond memories of their homeland. "There is nowhere in Canada that one could wake up and mistakenly believe that he was in any part of Australia. The feel is different and, even after these years, I can still remember the smell of the Australian land."

Sources:
— two taped interviews, in Shubenacadie and Truro
— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

"...people have trouble placing my accent"

Interview with Australian-born
Mrs. Eileen Bridge, Shubenacadie

I left Australia in 1966. I had been working in New Guinea for some time, and decided on a change. You see, most Australians have "itchy feet", they want to go . . . anywhere! I think it is the fact that we're isolated from the rest of the Western civilizations. Most Australians want to move sooner or later and as I was a nurse, it was easy to get a job. I had been in New Guinea and met a Canadian nurse there, and an English girl who was ready to go home, so the three of us decided to travel together. We took the long route and landed in Bombay, then travelled all through India and the Middle East, and on up to England and from there, I continued on to Canada.

I can't clearly remember who put me on to Canada. I was working in a hospital in Australia and someone, a patient, was married to a former director of nursing who had worked for the government of Canada in the north. He said they needed nurses in Canada. I applied and eventually made my way to Saskatchewan.

Canada was not as I had imagined! I had thought it would all look like British Columbia, which was very ignorant of me! Although we had done some American and Canadian history and geography in school, my knowledge was sketchy and I did not have a really clear idea of Canada at all.

I went to work with the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs in a place called Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, a beautiful little village. I had lived in or near big cities all my life until I came to Canada, so it was quite a cultural shock to find myself in a place as small as Fort Qu'Appelle, population less than 750! I had also walked straight into a Canadian prairie winter, which was quite an experience! Still, I settled in well and really enjoyed the prairies.

I went from there to Yellowknife where I met my husband, and we left soon thereafter for a couple of years in Rhodesia. When we decided to move again, we both wanted to come back to Canada. I certainly was not interested in the north again, and the western provinces are a long way from the United Kingdom, where my husband's mother was still living. We thought we would look at the eastern provinces and my husband applied for a medical practice here in Shubenacadie, in association with a couple of other doctors. We arrived here in the Fall of 1973, and settled happily. We both enjoy the Nova Scotian people and the lovely way of life in the rural areas.

Occasionally, people have trouble placing my accent and understanding some of my words and expressions. I still retain my rather lazy Australian way with certain vowels, my "e's" sound like "a's", and quite a number of people mistake the accent for English, a reflection on our early settlers who were mostly from England of course. Actually the accent is quite like London Cockney!

Geographically, Australia is totally different from Canada. The climate is different. The appearance of the country is so unlike anything here. I'd never wake up anywhere here and think I could be in Australia, never. But in Rhodesia, I could look out sometimes and imagine I was home. Here it is a very different feel and smell. Even now I can remember the smell of Australia, I really can. It is a combination of heat, sea and sand, our bush and just the earth itself I suppose. Australia is, as a country, a fascinating place. It has been isolated for so long and, as a result, its animal and plant life are pretty well unique.

The Australian is a friendly creature, but then so we find the average Canadian. The Canadian housewife is perhaps more domesticated than her Australian counterpart. Perhaps our way of life is so different. We live a rather casual outdoor existence there. Our approach to our homes is, as a result, just as different and casual.

We found that most Canadians have no desire to travel far. I was surprised at the number of young people, particularly, who haven't and don't particularly want to go further than their own province. In Australia most young people's aim in life is to save enough money to go overseas!

My entry into Canada was easy because I was employed by the federal government and they arranged everything for me. That was in 1966. More recently, I have been dealing with immigration on my sister's behalf and I've found the immigration authorities to be most courteous and helpful. I feel I should write a letter to the Minister of Manpower and Immigration commending these people on their courteous assistance.

When we speak of Australian customs, there is little to be said, except that perhaps we're similar to Canada in our youth as a country and our lack of steadfast traditions. The one thing I suppose that we have kept in the way of traditions would be Christmas. In the intense heat of the Australian summers, we celebrate Christmas as if we have snow 40 feet deep! We have our roast bird, plum pudding, and we suffer our way through a very hot Christmas dinner. We dress up poor Santa Claus as though we had snow, with reindeer and sleigh, which is ridiculous, but that's tradition and we don't want to break with that! I'm convinced that most Australians think they are the best in the world, but most nations feel the same way. I am very proud of Australia. Don't get me wrong. I love Canada, but I suppose if people ask me where I'm from, I still say "Australia"!

Austrian

Country of Origin

Austria is a land of mountains and valleys. Nine autonomous states form this European nation. Known as the home of winter sports and summer music festivals, Austria has developed a high industrial output although small farms are still a mainstay for many families. Its capital city is Vienna; its music and industrial centre, Salzburg.

To Nova Scotia

A few people of Austrian descent have settled in Nova Scotia. Historically, the name Austria has many meanings. Therefore, information on Austrian settlement here and in other areas of Canada is scant — often associated with Slavic, Latin and European minorities.

One Austrian woman with whom we spoke, came here as a nurse in the late fifties. She found that she was quickly accepted, although often considered to be German. She has carefully clarified this confusion; although she is German-speaking, she considers her cultural identity to be Austrian. It's rather ironic that in a town where there are many German immigrants, she was seen as a novelty. The people of Nova Scotia received her well, both in her work and as a wife and mother.

Austrians adjust easily and seem to have few real difficulties in making Canada their home. Some attempt is made to foster traditions and other customs that were so dear in the old country, but they find it difficult to retain any significant number of these since their numbers are so few.

The families here usually observe an Austrian Christmas Eve and a Canadian Christmas. One lady goes into the schools at Christmas time and teaches some of the younger children Austrian games. Other important occasions on the Austrian calendar are Easter and All Souls Day which is celebrated on the first of November. Austrian National Day, which marks the country's declaration of neutrality and independence falls on October 26.

Costumes and folk dances are very important to Austrians. Each district proclaims its individuality, maintaining its own colourful costume and dress. In fact, their costumes are so popular that children wear them to school. At one time, they even wore them to school here in Canada. Doing so now would make them feel different from their Canadian friends. And they rarely speak German anymore — a fact much regretted by the older people.

One Austrian family told us they return to Austria for frequent visits but have no desire to return permanently. One reason they prefer to stay in Nova Scotia is the lack of class distinction, which they say is still quite prevalent in Austria.

Sources:
— one taped interview in Lunenburg
— *Encyclopaedia Canadiana*
— copy of a speech given in a Lunenburg school
— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

"...they were all interested"

Interview with Austrian-born Mrs. Augustine Beck, Lunenburg

I left Austria in 1947 and went to England to take my training as a registered nurse and midwife. I spent 10 years there.

How I came here to Canada is quite a story. I had a sister in England who was married to an English naval officer. During the war, he brought his ships into the Lunenburg foundry for refits. While in port, his crew had nowhere to bathe, so at this time Dr. Creighton was consulted, and told how the crew wanted more facilities to bathe! Dr. Creighton arranged for the men to go to different families and my sister's husband stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Creighton. They became fast friends and this lasted after the war.

In 1957, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Creighton came over to England for a holiday. The daughter asked me what I was doing and I said, "Well, I am just waiting. I've a position in the Canary Islands." She said, "Why don't you come to Lunenburg? We have a new hospital and we have no nurses and we especially have no midwives." Of course, I cancelled my appointment with the Canary Islands and here I arrived! The hospital was just opened and I was one of the first war nurses here, and one of the first midwives, too. The hospital was tremendously short of nurses, and we advertised in the English Nurses' Journal. From then on, we had many Scottish, English and Norwegian nurses. Then, I met my husband and we got married in 1959.

When I went to England, I had only school English. It was very difficult because, during the war, Austria was still on the alien side. To learn English better, we went to evening classes in England (all the foreign nurses). I don't know how we managed, but we had almost the highest marks. I guess because we had to study so seriously. We studied so hard in order to understand it! It gradually comes when you do it well. I was always in-between. We'd fly through things, and I'd think I'd just look through, then find out that you really had to start it in order. I had to start to think in English and it took me about six to nine months to do so. I would hear something in English, then translate it to German and back. I would often spend evenings after lectures thinking my head would just spin until it was bursting! After six months, I could think in English and after a year I could think completely in English!

I was treated very well in Lunenburg because I was the first one. Of course, Lunenburg and all the near towns are German, so when you go back to two generations, they were all interested. I didn't know so much German background as Austrian, but I was more or less a sensation because there were no other foreign people here.

I didn't really miss anything, because we had such a hard life during the war that it just looked like heaven to me in England and it looked like heaven to me here! The last three years of the war were desperate.

Canada as compared to England? Well I love both countries very much. As for returning to Austria, well, I don't think I could ever settle in Austria. I have been back three times and everything has changed! My friends have married and gone and my parents have died. I still have brothers and sisters there. Everything is so drastically changed that I don't think I could go back. Austria is prosperous now. As I said before, it's all right to go there as a tourist, but I don't think I could live there anymore. I could live in England, yes, and Canada, certainly.

Blacks (indigenous)

Origins

Black people of Nova Scotia have a long history in the Western world. Their forefathers were shipped across the Atlantic as slaves. Their African ancestors have remarkable history and tradition. They built complex civilizations long before the white man arrived. Archeologists have found that ancient Africans were contributors to Egyptian civilizations and builders of powerful states such as Ghana, Songhai, Mali and Sudan.

Immigration

The history of black Nova Scotians begins with early settlers. In 1750, at least 15 black people were listed among those given prominence in Halifax. In 1770, seven black people were listed in Annapolis Royal. Thus, Blacks were visible in many parts of Nova Scotia during the early days, though their numbers were relatively small.

At the end of the American Revolution, a significant number of black Nova Scotians came as slaves with the Loyalists. Slavery was an acceptable way of life in the Maritime Provinces when the Loyalists began arriving in 1752. The arrival of the Loyalists raised the number of Blacks in Nova Scotia to about 1,500 from 500.

There was rapid decline in slavery in the Province by 1812. This was due to the abolition and the refusal of the courts to rule in favour of slaveholders. Slavery was abolished in 1833 by an Act of Imperial Parliament which outlawed the practice wherever "the flag of Britain was spread to the breeze".

Most of the black immigrants from the United States settled in Nova Scotia during the American Revolution as free men, women and children. Some black people came to Nova Scotia in order to escape from their task-masters, while other were encouraged with the promise of fertile land. To weaken the American resistance the British enticed some Blacks to desert. It is estimated that 3,000 black immigrants came to Nova Scotia as free men. Their arrivals included the "Black Pioneers", an all black regiment commanded by Colonel Stephen Black which fought under the British. The "Black Pioneers" settled in Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis Royal, Preston and Guysborough County.

Besides permitting slavery, from the start Nova Scotia discriminated against Blacks in other ways. When the first group of free black Loyalists arrived from Boston in 1776, suggestion was made that they be used as a ransom for British prisoners held by the Americans. Furthermore, while free Blacks had been promised treatment equal to that of their white peers, the British pledge of one hundred-acre grants of land to each Black failed to materialize. Most Blacks received no land at all; if anything was given them it was mainly barren one-acre lots on the edge of White Loyalists townships, where they were segregated from the main population. Certainly in every instance where acreage was granted to both black and white settlers, Blacks received less.

The Blacks were never truly secure. They were deprived of such rights of British subjects as trial by jury and they lived in constant fear. Some Loyalists subsequently moved from Nova Scotia into other Maritime provinces, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, bringing their slaves with them. By 1792, Blacks in Nova Scotia had become so disillusioned that twelve hundred of them accepted an offer by the Sierra Leone Company and sailed to Africa. The passage was provided free to Blacks seeking to return to their "homeland".

By 1796, the number of free Blacks in Nova Scotia had increased with the arrival of nearly five hundred and fifty Maroons from Jamaica. While in Jamaica the Maroons refused to be enslaved and had fought the British for 140 years until the British government agreed to a peace treaty. On laying down their arms, the fighting Maroons were swiftly arrested and deported to Halifax. They settled in the Preston area on lands vacated by those Blacks who had gone to Africa. Upon arrival in Nova Scotia, the Maroons were given the task of rebuilding the Halifax Citadel.

Within a few years of their arrival in Nova Scotia, the Maroons became disillusioned. Nova Scotia could not meet their aspirations. They were confronted with unemployment, inadequate housing and poor conditions, unfamiliar and bitter winters, racial intolerance, unfulfilled promises and famine in 1789. In 1792, nearly 1,180 Blacks were shipped from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Sierra Leone in Africa. In 1800, the entire Maroon colony itself was shipped under military escort to Sierra Leone.

The exodus of such large numbers of Blacks had economic repercussion: trade was depressed by loss of black consumers; a reservoir of cheap labour was no longer available; settlements such as Preston, Birchtown (Shelburne) and Brindleytown were deserted and their tax revenues ceased. Most of the black teachers, preachers, and community leaders were gone. Instead of aiding in the development of a distinct and separate community of Blacks in Canada, the black Loyalists contributed immensely to the growth of Sierra Leone.

For those Blacks who remained in Nova Scotia, life was almost unbearable. Few of them possessed skills in farming and the land alloted was small, rocky and barren. Most could neither read or write. To some extent those hard conditions still persist; for though physical enslavement of Blacks no longer exists psychological "enslavement" remains.

A large number of Blacks also came to Nova Scotia as labourers from the West Indies during the early and middle parts of the twentieth century. Most of them worked in the coal mines in the Sydney area and some, mostly women, worked as domestic servants.

Education

During the early years in Nova Scotia, Blacks did not enjoy education opportunities equal to those of other Nova Scotians. The first schools for Blacks were run by the Church. Emphasis was placed on religious instruction rather than on development of skills which might have led to socio-economic betterment. Teachers were often poorly trained and underpaid.

By the 1850s, segregated public schools could be found in Nova Scotia. Separate schools were found in the rural areas where Blacks were in majority. In most cases, the schools were small, one room, run-down in which only the poorest standards of teaching could be maintained. Only a relatively small number of black children were able to attend school on a regular basis. A large number of black students were unable to stay in school past an early age, because they had to work to assist impoverished families.

Segregated schools remained in Nova Scotia until 1954 when all references to race was removed from the Statute of Education. However, in 1964 there were still nearly six separate schools for Blacks in Nova Scotia. By 1950, only three local Blacks had graduated from university. In recent years the number of Blacks graduating from High Schools and Universities appear to be increasing but black students have high drop-out rates due to socio-economic pressures and other factors. The quality of education that black students are receiving is a matter of concern to parents and black organizations.

Employment

In the early days, many Nova Scotian Blacks worked as household servants. Some black refugees from the war of 1812 worked as farm labourers, but many of the black Loyalists were skilled tradesmen. The building of the railroads saw Blacks working on construction gangs. However, as new immigrants from Europe went into agriculture and construction work on transcontinental roads, Blacks were displaced in many instances.

During the 1800s Blacks, in most cases, became employed in jobs characteristic of their respective regions — as fishermen and sailors along the South Shore, as farmers in Colchester and Annapolis counties, as lumbermen in other places. Blacks were brought from the West Indies to work in the coal mines, and in the steel industry in Cape Breton. Around Halifax, Blacks were employed in cooperage (barrel making), in carpentry and construction work and on the railways as porters.

Some Blacks eked a living in self-employed seasonal jobs, selling Christmas trees, planting small gardens, masonry, pulpwood cutting, and landscaping. In recent years there appears to be a marginal improvement in the employment situation for Blacks as they are able to acquire higher education, vocational and professional skills. However, many Blacks still remain unemployed and for many the future looks bleak.

Housing

At the time of the Loyalists, black servants lived on the property of their masters, occasionally in the same house. Later, communal living was attempted in the so-called model towns or settlements. Houses in most of these settlements were dilapidated, without plumbing and heating, and without proper medical and dental facilities. Recreation and transporation were virtually non-existent.

In recent years, however, efforts by both federal and provincial governments through grants, loans and low cost housing programs have enabled some black families to acquire decent housing. Some community effort has also led to improved housing conditions in some areas. But much remains to be done to enable many black families to acquire decent and affordable housing or to improve their sub-standard housing conditions.

Role of the Church

Ever since the arrival of Richard Preston from the United States, the church has become the only visible expression of black identity, encompassing the varied experiences of black people.

Richard Preston, an escaped slave, arrived in Preston, Nova Scotia from Virginia around 1815, in search of his mother. He was later sent to London to solicit aid for the Baptist church. Following his ordination in 1832, he returned to Halifax and took charge of the Black Baptist Church. He was instrumental in organizing the Black Abolitionist Society in 1846. Later, in 1854, he organized a conference at Granville Mountain which gave birth to the African Baptist Association. He was not successful, however, in organizing blacks of Loyalist "descent" and six of their churches remained outside the Association.

From early days the church has given black people a sense of identity and cohesiveness. It was from the ranks of the church that education was promoted in black communities. Today, the church provides a Scholarship Fund and assistance to some black university students. Traditionally, the church has played an important role in the spiritual guidances of Blacks in the province. It has also been a focal point of educational, cultural and social needs of Blacks. If the church is to continue to occupy this position of prominence in contemporary society, it will have to contend with tremendous challenges.

Black Organizations

The Nova Scotia Association for the Advancement of Coloured People (N.S.A.A.C.P.) was organized in 1925 to meet the socio-economic needs of Blacks, and to promote black cultural identity. The N.S.A.A.C.P. has also played a vital role in education, awarding scholarships to young Blacks to pursue post-secondary education.

The Black United Front (B.U.F.) was founded in 1969 to unify black people throughout the province; to work for socio-economic betterment of black people, to promote black heritage awareness and cultural identity. The organization works to ensure that human rights and dignity of black people are not abused. The programs of B.U.F. include housing, employment, culture and education, youth and advocacy services. The organization also promotes black leadership and human resource development.

The Black Educators' Association is another organization formed in recent years, aimed at promoting better school-community relations.

Other black organizations include the Black Professional Women's Association. Attempts are currently being made to form an Association of Black Social Workers.

Events

Events that have special meaning to Blacks which are celebrated annually by black organizations and church groups, include the United Men's Mission Picnic; Action Week held in Sydney; Provincial Black Golf Tournament held annually in Truro; the Provincial Black Basketball Tournament; the Black Cultural Festival sponsored by the Black United Front. The African United Baptist Association holds an annual gathering attended by a cross-section of Blacks from all over Nova Scotia and some from outside the province.

By: Joseph A. Mensah
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Looking Back

Interview with George Barton, Digby

I remember when I used to go to a one-room school. The school isn't there now, but the building was just one room and we had one teacher. She taught all subjects for all grades.

Tracing my family, I can go back to William Barton, who apparently was the first Barton that we have any record of. He was married in the Anglican church in 1790 to Anna Williams. Now, they had a son and the son's name was George. He was born in 1793, so that was my first namesake. This George Barton was the first Barton that I really had any knowledge of, so my parents traced him back. He lived in the village of Jordantown. I was looking into the church records. I went back as far as George Barton. I am George Barton and apparently there has been a George Barton right from back in the 1780 something! That's the first record of a George Barton that I know of. I know where the Barton homestead is, up in Jordantown. His name was George Barton who had a number of sons and daughters, and property all the way from the railway tracks up to a hill. It was called the Allan Taylor Hill property. That was called the Barton Road at that time. That's as far as the road went. From the new Conway highway up that road for approximately a mile and a half was called the Barton Road, in those days. Then, the other end of the community, the road coming down from Acaciaville going to Marshalltown, Lloyd Jordan lived on that road, and as a consequence, it was called Jordantown. Well, some time later the two roads connected and the whole community was called Jordantown. That's how the name Jordantown originated, because of the Jordans living in that area.

A personal viewpoint:

I have had equal treatment in the service and I have seen the way that other people live in other countries. I have become aware that I've been made to feel that I am equal. When I was overseas, I was invited to some of the best homes in England, France, Belgium and Holland. Because my skin is dark, it didn't make any difference. This is where I found out that I was just another person! When you're black, you have to be twice as prepared. I think those are the things that have to be looked upon. We have to look back and see where we came from, the progress we have made and not be satisfied, but determined that we're going to do even better in the future! I do think there is a future but we're going to have to work on it very, very hard, to make our mark.

"Two feet forward"

Interview with Rev. G.A. Francis,
African Orthodox Church, Sydney

I am from Central Cuba. My parents are from Antigua, West Indies. I went to high school in Cuba and the Seminary in New York. I took over the African Orthodox Church in Sydney, Nova Scotia, on September 1, 1940.

Today, we have two feet forward; better housing and better wages. The youngsters are more aggressive in society and do not stay in the background all the time. They have improved tremendously in acquiring higher education and university degrees in professional fields. They are going forward and have that supreme confidence to say they can achieve and be equal to anyone else.

"...my 'roots', ever since!"

Interview with Seibert Innes, Sydney

My parents were from St. George's in the West Indies. They arrived in Sydney in 1916.

My dad, Arden Innes, worked in the Isthmus of Panama. He left there as a young man, then came to Sydney at the age of 19 to work in the steel plant.

He journeyed to Sydney by boat, enduring rugged ocean winds and waters for 18 days. He came from the West Indies with the intention of getting a job, but he never knew he was going to the steel plant.

One of two children in my family, I was born in a house on Curries Lane in the Whitney Pier. At that time there were no nurses, so a midwife by the name of Mrs. Peddle delivered me.

That was years ago and I have made this place, Whitney Pier, Sydney, my "roots" ever since!

Appreciate your blackness

Interview with Rev. J. Mack,
Cornwallis St. Baptist Church, Halifax

A black Canadian will become another Canadian unless he can appreciate his blackness. The more we appreciate who we are, no matter the colour of our eyes, our hair, or the texture or colour of the skin, the more we can appreciate each other for what we are. We realize that we have a long way to go, but through education we can see more of our young people succeeding in education and higher learning, and getting involved in the decision-making process. All of that, to me, reflects an increasingly bright future for black Nova Scotians.

I think that my black culture is as important to the rest of society as any other.

Each person who reads your booklet can conclude that, "I am somebody in this whole aspect of life, that God made me who I am, and He made me good because He does not make mistakes."

Chinese

Country of Origin

China is among the largest countries in the world. It is picturesque and serene. Separated from its Asian neighbours by desert, mountain and ocean, China has the greatest area of fertile land in the world. Most people make their living by farming. Chinese people value their long history and unique cultural traditions. They are proud of their calligraphy, the associated art of painting scenes of silk, pottery and paper scrolls. They are known throughout the world for their diverse culinary skills. China's capital city is Peking; its two largest ports, Shanghai and Tientsin.

To Nova Scotia

Chinese people have been emigrating to Nova Scotia since the late 1800s. There were five Chinese before the turn of the century and 104 in 1901. Since then the number has been gradually increasing. At present, there are around 2,000, most of whom live in the Halifax-Dartmouth area. Some families have been here for as long as three generations, while others have come from other parts of Canada and the world, in search of better opportunities.

Most Chinese people in Nova Scotia are of Cantonese background. Most of the time, there are no great difficulties with the English language because many have already been exposed to the language before coming here. In Nova Scotia, the Cantonese dialect is used most frequently, although Toisan, Hokien and other dialects are also spoken.

Members of the Chinese community contribute to many areas of life in the province. Their cuisine is very popular, as are many of their traditional art forms. Recently, their creativity has influenced design in the fashion world as well. The Chinese make their living in fields as diverse as education, medicine, dentistry, accounting, technology and engineering.

Chinese culture is on the move in Nova Scotia. Our local universities are fortunate to be enriched with a population of fun-loving and hard-working Chinese students from Hong Kong, Malaysia and China. They help to keep rich, cultural traditions alive in the local Chinese community. They celebrate Chinese New Year together. The traditional lion dance adds colour and spirit to the occasion. Chinese language classes have been organized by the Chinese Society of Nova Scotia. The Society is trying to establish a strong sense of cultural heritage among its members, and to broaden the mode of life for Nova Scotians of Chinese descent. By doing so, it also enriches the cultural life of every Nova Scotian.

Chinese people are glad to be assimilated into Canadian society. When asked about nationality, they invariably tell you they are "Chinese-Canadian". Wherever they go, Chinese people enrich the area with their cuisine, customs and language, as they have done in Nova Scotia. The Chinese heritage is rich and strong!

Sources:

- — two taped interviews in Halifax
- — four interviews (not taped) in Halifax
- — *Encyclopedia Canadiana*
- — Survey received from the Chinese Society of Nova Scotia prepared in 1975 as a summer project
- — drawings from the *Chinese Art Symbols* by Francess Hawley Seyssel
- — *Banked Fires — The Ethnics of Nova Scotia*, Douglas F. Campbell

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"That accident has set off a whole chain of events . . ."

Interview with Dr. Mary Sun, Halifax
(first Secretary and Cultural Attache,
Canadian Embassy, Peking, China)

I was born in Shanghai, China. The family moved to Hong Kong just before the Communist government came in, so I was essentially educated in Hong Kong. From Hong Kong, because it was a British colony, the logical step for most people who want to study further is to attempt to take graduate studies in England, the "mother country", which I did. I went to the University of London for graduate studies. In London, I got married.

My husband and I went to work in the United States. Unfortunately, that was in the late sixties when the Vietnamese War was going on, and the campuses in the United States were very violent with anti-war demonstrations and so on. So, it wasn't the best time in history to be in the United States. We weren't really interested in staying in the United States. Meanwhile, we could always go home to Hong Kong.

Unfortunately also, in 1968, the cultural revolution in China was going on and it affected Hong Kong because there were street demonstrations and rioting and so on. So, the interesting thing is that my husband and I, in 1968, felt very much like refugees — no place to go, you know. The country we had chosen, the United States, was involved in war. The country we were familiar with and brought up in, back home in Hong Kong, was involved in a cultural revolution. So, at that particular moment, Canada seemed very inviting. It was a peaceful country. It wasn't involved in the Vietnam War. Prospects of making a good living were good. Canada was the place to go! Many of our contemporaries seemed to be heading for Canada. So, we came from the United States to Toronto.

For many people, you know, Toronto was Canada. Nobody's ever heard of Halifax or Nova Scotia. But we didn't land the kind of jobs that we were really interested in, in Toronto, and so it was almost by accident that we ended up in Nova Scotia. Again, talking to many Chinese people and many non-Canadians, the coming to Nova Scotia is very often an accident. People stumble upon Nova Scotia, and when they come here, they discover the joys, the wonder of this province, and they've decided to stay. That is exactly what happened to us! My husband had a job in a hospital here. I had nothing, so I decided to follow him. Then, somebody told me, "Well, there is Dalhousie University. See if they're interested in Chinese history." So, I went to Dalhousie, but they were not interested. So somebody said, "Well, there's another little place down the road, you know Saint Mary's. Go and see if they want somebody to teach Chinese history." So, I came to Saint Mary's. That was in the middle of the summer, very few people were around. I located the chairman of the history department and I said, "Look, I have these qualifications. I can teach Chinese history. Do you want me?" I was hired.

This is how it all started, and a couple of years later I decided I wasn't content just to teach Chinese history. I wanted something a little bit more to offer to our students. So we planned and we put into practice the Asian Studies program here, which has been successful. We're the only ones here to offer it, in the Atlantic Provinces. We've graduated students who have gone to China for further studies, gone into the diplomatic service, civil service. There are teachers all over the place that we've graduated. So, I think it's been very gratifying. That accident has set off a whole chain of events which I am very pleased about.

A personal viewpoint:

I am not, I suppose, a typical immigrant into Nova Scotia in that I came with certain skills to offer and I found a job that I wanted, that offered me scope to make use of my skills. So, in other words, social acceptance and the whole issue of discrimination really never came into play. I was hired as a Chinese. My skills were related to my "Chineseness". My skills in teaching were related to the fact that I could teach about China and its culture. In other words, being a minority was a distinct advantage for me for the kind of profession that I was pursuing. So, that's why I say that I am not typical in that I have never run into discrimination. I was, and I hope to be still valued for being Chinese. I have no intention of ever hiding that fact or making myself more Canadian because of it!

"I love to learn any language . . ."

Comments by Chinese-born
Dr. Oscar Wong, Halifax

I arrived in Kingston, Ontario in July, 1958. I came by plane and landed in Toronto and instead of going to Kingston, I took another plane to Ottawa, only to be told that I missed Kingston. So I took a bus coming back to Kingston. I came here to take my internship which is a requirement before I could practice here in Canada or in Hong Kong.

I was educated in Lingnan University in Canton, China and the teaching there is mainly in English. Of course, at that time, 21 years ago, there was not really too much difficulty coming to Canada, although the people outside Canada had only heard about Ontario and Quebec. That is why I went to Ontario.

The next year, 1959, I came to Halifax, Nova Scotia. At that time, I was fortunate because the working environment at Victoria General was such that there were a few doctors, as well as interns and residents of Chinese origin working there. I didn't have the feeling of being a minority. In actual fact, I was invited out frequently with some of the residents.

A personal viewpoint:

I think the Chinese people are just like any other minority group of people. I think that the only "natives", so-called natives in Canada, are Eskimos and local Indian people.

I think that people, especially in Kitchener, would do much better if they speak German and English, than if they speak English and French. People who know Chinese and English, and happen to work for the Federal Government in the Vancouver area, can do a much better job than if they speak French. So what I am trying to say is, bilingualism is a very good idea. In fact, I am now learning French, not because I need to know French, but I love to learn any language! But for practical reasons, it depends so much on where you work and you should adapt to the local conditions. If you happen to work in Quebec, you should not work there if you don't know French. But other than Quebec, if you happen to work in an environment where the majority of people require a language other than French or other than English, you should know that too. That is my personal feeling and I'm sure it is being shared by many other minority groups.

Cuban

Country of Origin

Cuba is a long, narrow island touched by the blue Caribbean and Atlantic waters. It has deep and sheltered bays, 137 natural sandy beaches, swamps, mangrove-tree pools, coral formations and mountains, which give a special hue to its 5,745 km of coastal total longitude. The climate is sub-tropical and consistent throughout the year, a contributing factor to the luxurious variety of the Cuban flora which is around 8,000 species. The butterfly is Cuba's national flower. It is a delicate fragrant, white flower which rivals roses, jasmine, and white lilies in appearance and fragrance. An infinite diversity of tropical fruits grow in profusion in Cuba and are an important asset to Cuba's economy.

The origin of Cuba goes back to the Jurasic period of the Mezosoic era and the most outstanding geographical accident of the Cuban archipelago are its beautiful valleys and mountains, its long coasts and famous beaches.

Through the years, the original and fundamental African and Spanish roots mingled with new contributions such as the Haitian-French, Asiatic and North American which were continuously transformed and imprinted with the characteristic Cuban seal. Four centuries of sugar cane harvesting forms the fundamental basis of the national economy and at the same time, results in an equally long tradition of rum production. Other industries are mining, fishing, tobacco, cocoa, and coffee.

Havana, the capital of the island, was founded in 1553. Spanish is Cuba's official language.

To Nova Scotia

The number of Cubans in Nova Scotia is quite small and most of them arrived after the Cuban Revolution in 1959. Political unrest was their main reason for leaving their homeland.

Cuban Canadians in Nova Scotia are employed as oceanographers, musicians, travel agents and managers in various business enterprises.

The majority of Cubans tend to keep a low profile in community life and maintain love for their beautiful ancestral land. In their homes, they continue to practice traditional customs by observing special holidays and maintaining their native language, cuisine and music.

The warm Cuban hospitality is unsurpassed, whether experienced in Cuba or here in Nova Scotia. They are proud of their heritage and most willing to share it with other Canadians.

In conversation with Cuban-Canadians, it becomes quite evident that, while they have adjusted well to their new way of life, they continue to notice considerable environmental differences. They particularly notice that social life is much less intense here than in Cuba.

Traditional Cuban dishes are: black beans, rice, fried bananas and hash meat and if one adds some Spanish influences, the result is seafood, salads and beef dishes.

Special occasions still observed in Nova Scotia are: Christmas, King's Day, January 6, Carnival in July and on September 8, Caridad del Cobre, the Patron Saint of Cuba is remembered.

Sources:
— *Cuban Sunshine News*
— interview in Halifax

From Havana to Halifax

An Account of Cuban-born José Castineiras

A native of Cuba, Mr. Castineiras is presently employed by Chateau Halifax as executive assistant to the manager as well as food and beverage manager.

He also held the position of catering manager and maitre d'hôtel at the same establishment.

José Castineiras is an interesting man; he's played baseball, had his own cooking show, given talks on international relations and worked extensively throughout Canada.

Born and educated in Cuba, Mr. Castineiras is famous for his special dishes and has received international acclaim.

He began cooking at the age of nine in Cuba because of necessity and later began restaurant work cleaning pots and pans and worked at various jobs while going to college. For nine years, he was supervisor of the F.W. Woolworth food department in Havana until Fidel Castro took over the government and was then made co-ordinator of the armed forces food program.

He immigrated to Montreal in 1960 and his first job in Canada was washing dishes in a factory for 75 cents an hour. He had worked his way up consistently in the restaurant and hotel business before coming to Halifax to work for the Lord Nelson Hotel and at his present place of employment, the Chateau Halifax.

Mr. Castineiras is a good cook: "When I was 14 years old, my mother became very ill and I learned to cook by necessity. We were poor too, and when you are poor, you learn to cook economically and well. I remember my mother would bring home one roast a week, it would last till Friday and we'd never have the same meal".

One of his favorite dishes is hash meat cooked in beer. Then there is black bean soup in cherry wine, chicken and rice cooked in beer, and caramel custard cooked in rum, along with hundreds of traditional dishes.

Havana lobster is always an award winner, as is chicken à la José and Cuban bread.

In his recipes, Mr. Castineiras has modified traditional Cuban dishes for Canadian tastes.

"If I make a dish, I'll change it around to suit the tastes of the people. One thing about my recipes, cooking with beer is central with almost all of them". He has found a way of compromise and a tasty one at that.

Czechoslovakian

Country of Origin

Czechoslovakia became a nation in 1918. The country is entirely landlocked, surrounded by six European countries: Germany, Austria, Hungary, Romania, the Ukraine and Poland. It is rich in metals from its mountains and minerals in its waters. A famous spa, Karlsbad, is visited by many seeking healing. The Tatry mountains form a range, below which collective farms are worked by farmers. Prague is the capital and cultural centre; Pilsen, centre of the country's industrial economy.

To Nova Scotia

The first Czechoslovakian immigrants came to Nova Scotia during the early part of the century, before the First World War. The early settlers worked in the mines of Springhill and Cape Breton. They had come mainly from the part of the country known as Slovakia.

It is important to note that the country is composed of distinct areas and peoples. Created after 300 years of oppression in the frame of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Czechoslovakia regained independence after the end of the First World War, becoming an independent state in 1918. The country united the Czechs and Slovaks from two main regions, Bohemia-Moravia and Slovakia. Their languages are related, yet, they are considered separate.

In Nova Scotia, Czechs and Slovaks maintain their distinctive identity, mainly because of the differences in language and background.

While the early Czechoslovakians came from Slovakia, the second group came from various regions of the country. They began to arrive before the Second World War and some followed later in 1948 and 1968. Political upheaval prompted their immigration to Nova Scotia and other parts of Canada.

Today, between 50-60 families of Czechoslovakian origin have settled in Nova Scotia, mainly in the Halifax metro area, with a few in Cape Breton, Springhill and the Annapolis Valley.

In 1968, a Czechoslovakian group was organized in Nova Scotia, as one of the provincial divisions of the Czechoslovakian National Association of Canada, which has headquarters in Toronto. The Czechoslovakian Association of Halifax/Dartmouth arranges annual events, such as a summer picnic and the celebration of National Czechoslovakian Day, on October 28. This date has been celebrated since 1918 when Czechoslovakia became an independent state. Both Czechs and Slovaks are members of the Association.

In homes where parents have come from Czechoslovakia, the language has been retained. However, among the younger generation, facility with the language has been lost and they speak only English. It is common to hear people, born of Czechoslovakian parents, express a wish to speak the language of their forebears. Where numbers are small, language classes are difficult to arrange and sustain.

Another tradition, that of singing together, spontaneously occurs when small or larger gatherings take place. Familiar songs in Czech or Slovak are enjoyed and the younger members of the family learn these, although they do not know the language.

One second-generation Czech recalls the practice of mushroom-picking on the Annapolis Valley's north mountain. As a child, she and her family would go out with baskets to pick the fresh, tasty mushrooms for a family supper treat.

Czechoslovakians work in various professions and occupations in the province, including engineering, law, music, agriculture and education.

December 31 is called "Sylvester" after a holy man. "Sylvester" is an occasion when Czechs gather to remember and express gratitude for the year just completed and to celebrate the coming of the New Year.

Sources:
— one interview taped in Halifax
— one interview taped in Springhill
— three interviews (not taped) in Halifax
— *Slovakia and its People*, by Gilbert L. Oddo, Hrobak Publications Inc., Middleton, Pa., 1960
— *Encyclopaedia Canadiana*, Grolier of Canada, Toronto, 1975 - (1) "People of Slovak Origin"; (2) "People of Czech Origin"
— *Canadians of Slovak Origin: A Brief Survey*, V.J. Kaye, Volume IV, Canadian Association of Slavists, University of Toronto Press, 1959

A Czechoslovakian Tradition

"Redovy"

One of our age-old traditions is called "Redovy". It is the time of the wedding ceremony when the bride is unveiled by the matron of honour, and is being prepared for her wedding night. The crown of flowers that she wore so proudly throughout this day is removed from her head, and her lovely hair is covered by a kerchief, signifying that she belongs to one man, and is thus respected by everyone.

This simple ceremony continues when the best man insists on dancing with the bride, before she is taken away. He is permitted to do so only after he has paid a fee to the matron of honour. In other words, he "bribed" her!

Meanwhile, the rest of the wedding party is curious about what is going on, and they form a circle around the bride, who is now dancing with the best man. They all want to dance with the bride and finally are permitted, but only after they have agreed to pay the fee for the honour of dancing with the bride. As each individual is dancing with the bride, the wedding party, led by the matron of honour, is singing embarrassing verses to some, who may be the town drunk or a young man who failed to win the hand of the bride.

Also, complimentary verses to others, who might be the bride's parents or her new "in-laws" or any other close relative, are read. During this time, the groom is having a last drink with his friends, by the beer keg. They are teasing him and are trying to get him drunk, to spoil his wedding night. "That's some friends, eh?. . ." He realizes what is happening right then, rushes out to take his bride away from all the festivities before the night is over.

In the old days, there was no such thing as a honeymoon. The next day, everyone would go to work in the fields.

"I was six years old . . ."

Interview with Slovakian-born
Joseph Hranek, Halifax

I was born in 1899, and left Czechoslovakia in 1905. I came to Nova Scotia in 1945. I come from Slovakia, whose capital is Bratislava. Slovakia has industry, but is mainly agricultural.

I was only six years old when I left that country. It is beautiful country, and when we go back for a year, for a few months, I enjoy it! I was six years old when I left. I had lived with my grandmother in Slovakia. My father left Slovakia in 1901, my mother in 1903, and I left in 1905.

My grandmother took me to Moravia and put me on a train at Hodinin, an industrial city. Well, I travelled on a train with a thick cardboard attached to me with the words "to Vienna". In Vienna there was another agent waiting to put me onto a train to Berlin. From Berlin, I went to Hamburg. In Hamburg, I went on a boat. I remember that it had four stacks! So I travelled second class. In New York, my father and mother were waiting for me!

In Slovakia, each province has different dialects. Most every province has some differences of speech.

In 1968, I worked in a small village near Liverpool. I broke my leg in several places and dislocated a shoulder. After treatment, I decided to go to Czechoslovakia for further medical help at a health spa.

You go first of all to a doctor to see if you can take the treatment. Once you start the treatment, they pack you in the mud. . .about two inches of it! You take a bath and have massage, rest twenty minutes, then you go to your room. You are on a diet, too. Hard work also helps a person to keep healthy!

(Mr. Hranek talked about a wood-cut standing in his living room. He called the figure "Janosik".)

In Britain they used to have Robin Hood. He robbed the rich and gave to the poor. The same story occurred in Czechoslovakia. They called the robber "Janosik". He used to rob the rich and give to the poor!

A Bride's Request for Forgiveness or Absolution

(offered at the bride's home before her wedding)

Vypitovanie Pred Sobasom

(Slovak)

Cteny svabebny tu zideny, prosim vas no chvilku
budte trpezlivy
Dokial ja prepoviem co teras zacinam, a pokial
nedokoncim prebacenie pytam.
Boh Otec nebesky jak Adama stvoril, vtedy stav
manzelsky v raju ustanovil.
Adamovy z boku jedno rebro vybral, z neho
stvoril zensku a knemu ju dal.
Sam im bol sa druzbu, velky kral nebesky, jak
nam to preklada pismo svaty.
To ustanovie od Boha mileho, lubilo sa mu, aj
potomkom jeho.
Pozehnany je ten mladenec u Boha, ktoremu sam
Pan Boh manzelku vychova.
Ked ziju v pokoji a Bohabojnosti, oslavuju Boha
v kazdej pritomnosti.
Podla zakona Bozieho a Sakramenta sedmeho, aj
ja sa vybieram do slubu svojho.
Ale prv jak by som vykrocil, pytam odpustenie
ked som vam zavinil.
Pytam odpustenie od vsetkych okolo, ale prv
pytam od Boha mileho.
Po druhom pytam od otecka svojho, ktory ma
vychoval do vrchu mojho.
Drahy otecko moj k vam sa obraciam, smutnimy
slzamy tvar svoju umievam.
Pry si vas obklucam, lebo od vasych ruk sa
dneska odlucam.
Ja ale dufam v Boha mileho, ze on vzdy ma
starost na nas kazdeho.
Vech vam otecko moj, na pomocibude, a po
smrty dusu vasu nech k sebe prijme.
Matka moja co ste ma zrodily, viem ze ste sa vela
zomnou natrapily.
Za malicka ste mna na rudach nosily, od vody, od
ohna ste ma vzdy chranily
Vase sladke spanie ste pre mna prerivaly do
vasych milych ruk ste ma pritulily.
Pritulte ma mancus este ras ku sebe nezabudnem
na vas v kazdej potrobe.
V nebeskeho otca svoju nadej skladam, a vsetko
dobre vam od neho ziadam.
Cetosove Cetky, Ujcove Uciny, Strykove a Stryni,
a vsetke rodiny.
Ked som vam niekedy dacim ublisil, odpuste me
viny, odpusti vam sam Pan Boh jediny.
Sestry moje mile, neraz sme sa pozpricaly, ale
sme sa vzdycki same pomerily.
Odpuste mi vinny odpusti vam tiez Boh otce
jedinny.
Teraz moje mile rodicia, pekne vas prosim, dajte
mi vase svate pozehnanie
Jako dal Pan Boh Patriarchom v starom zakone.

Dutch

Country of Origin

The Netherlands has survived many centuries of invasion by both human marauders and the sea. Today it has some 4,300 miles of waterways within its borders. The country is sometimes called Holland, named after its provinces of North and South Holland. Heavy cultivation has developed great agricultural lands and the country is a leading exporter of dairy products. Germany and Belgium border the country where the North Sea does not. Its capital city is Amsterdam and its busy port is Rotterdam.

To Nova Scotia

The Netherlands is considered the mother country by many people living in Nova Scotia today. Over past decades, immigrants have been arriving in small but comparatively steady numbers from Holland seeking, in many cases, more land or space.

Although Holland is familiar to many Canadians as the land of tulips, windmills and wooden shoes, the fairy tale image of this country tarnishes a little when too many people attempt to eke out a good life from its very limited resources.

The Dutch here in Nova Scotia retain fond memories of their homeland nevertheless, and one lady we interviewed spoke of recalling Holland as a country of smiling faces and voices raised in song.

In the years following the Second World War, with the threat of yet another battle on the horizon, many Dutchmen began to wonder perhaps if Canada might offer a favourable alternative to their way of life. In the 1950s, the Netherlands was still floundering economically from the effects of the previous years and little opportunity existed for young families.

The early experiences of Dutch immigrants varied greatly. One Dutch immigrant and his new wife came to starvation and very nearly froze to death their first winter here. On the other hand, a 16-year-old girl and her entire family were given English lessons twice a week by a teacher sent from the Department of Immigration to a remote spot in western Nova Scotia. Promised work upon arrival, some immigrants came only to be placed in barn-like places without facilities to await notification of work. It was, as one man put it, "disillusioning".

According to the families we interviewed, the trip to Canada was made by boat and sea-sickness took everyone's attention, except for a few seaworthy souls. There was a spirit of adventure among the immigrants and Canada, regarded as the land of opportunity, looked very attractive. Upon arrival, the Dutch displayed great determination in pursuing their objectives and soon became successful in their chosen work.

A sketchy command of the English language posed an initial adjustment problem. Each family interviewed commented on how kind their Canadian neighbours were in helping them acquire the new language. Any discrimination they experienced was accepted as being quite normal. As one man put it, "you are treated poorly by someone no matter where you go". The most common example occurred in a work situation, where "time is money" and many bosses had not the patience to explain a procedure to a man who understood little English.

Although the Dutch have not forgotten their origins, there has been little concerted effort to retain the culture or customs of Holland. One lady said that the customs do not mean enough to the second generation to continue what was so unique and different in the old country. "One can't transplant that sort of feeling." Adaptable as the Dutch people are, there are those who keep the special occasions and cook foods native to their country.

Christmas is more strictly observed as a religious holiday. Celebrations begin on the fifth of December and continue from there. St. Nicholas' Day brings with it little gifts, the main attraction being the jokes or poems that accompany them. Much less commercialized than in Canada, Christmas time is family time in Holland, as are birthdays. Both are important events to every family. Another important day on the Dutch calendar, Liberation Day, falls on May 10. It is celebrated with great jubilation in the Netherlands but with somewhat less fervour here in Canada. Other holidays correspond with those in Canada. A few obscure religious holidays are observed by some Dutchmen.

The Dutch people like creating art and many are skilled craftsmen. They frequently have great displays of their work in wood and embroidery. And, of course, their beautiful tulip gardens have earned them world recognition. The music, culture and artistic background of the Netherlands is missed a great deal by the Dutch in Nova Scotia. But they realize that our country is young and not as developed in these areas as is Holland.

Many Dutch families interviewed, said they regularly return to the Netherlands to visit relatives and to store up the "taste and feel" of the country's art and history. Although they enjoy these visits, their return to Canada is similarly appreciated. These people who once called themselves Dutch, now consider themselves Canadian and the return to Canada is coming "back home again".

A statement by one Dutch lady helps us understand what it meant to come to Canada: "Both of my parents were over 50 when we came to Canada and I have always appreciated their bringing us here, for I would never have become a nurse there. We would never have been able to raise the money, and the evaluation system in Holland would not have encouraged any attempt to dispute what had already been slated for me".

Sources:

— five interviews (in Milford, Shelburne, Digby Co., Shubenacadie)

— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

"The eye wants something too!"

Interview with Dutch-born Freida Balser,
Digby County

I came from Holland in 1952 with my family, that is, my father, mother and five brothers and sisters. My parents wanted to improve our chances for a good life, for at that time in Holland there were too many people for so little room and opportunity.

Another reason that we came is because my sister had married a Canadian soldier in '46 and they had moved to Digby County — Westport, a fishing village. He had started a fishing business and needed help, all the support that he could get. In '47, my brother had finished his service in the Dutch Army and when he came out there were too many people and no jobs, so he emigrated to Canada at that time. They encouraged us to come, my parents, so we all came except my older sister, who was married and stayed in Holland.

My Dad had worked for 33 years as a baker in Holland and moving into the fish business was quite a switch for him. We moved to a village with 250 people and it was so isolated that we had to get on and off the island by the ferry which only ran in daylight. But we liked it. I was 16 at the time, and started school in January of '53. I had always wanted to be a nurse, so with the help of my sister and brother-in-law, we wrote to a school of nursing to see what I needed. I needed the Canadian High School Certificate so I had quite a way to go. I was 17, almost 18, when I went into grade 9 and in June I passed into Grade 10, which I had never expected. It was really just an experiment to me, because I had left school in Holland when I was 14, to work in a clothing factory; even then I dreamed of becoming a nurse. In Canada, my dream became reality. I went to school in February '53 and graduated from St. John General Hospital in '59. After finishing high school, I took off one year to earn some money to be able to go into training and then finally graduation.

As far as learning the English language goes, it was frustrating at first, but eventually became fairly easy as many of us had a natural aptitude for it. If you don't have a feeling for it, it can give you many problems. My oldest brother was in his mid-twenties when he came. He is now in his 50's and even now his English is not very good. My youngest brother was 10 and he has no accent whatsoever.

When we first came in April '52, the Department of Citizenship and Immigration perhaps, I'm not sure, assigned a teacher to my family twice a week. This man came to Westport from somewhere in the valley to teach us basic English twice a week!

The thought of coming to Canada was exciting! I will never forget it! Even the prospect of going to Canada, we never thought of it as "Oh my gosh, a strange country", we wanted to go and see. When I think of it, my parents were fairly old to emigrate. My father was 57 and my mother was in her early 50's. They definitely didn't do it for themselves. It would have been much easier, and I'm sure my mother was homesick for the first couple of years. She never ever complained about it. Not even in the war years do I ever remember anybody complaining about "What are we going to eat tomorrow?" My father either! Never! It just had to be that way and you made the best of it.

The trip over here on the boat was terrible. They had an outlandish way of keeping men and women separate. My father and brothers were on another end of the ship in another part. My mother, sister, a lady and her daughter, a little baby daughter, were in the same cabin. It was an old troop ship that had been converted into a passenger ship but the conditions were not too bad. But it seems to me, we were only one day out of Rotterdam and I got sick. I was still sick when we came off the ship in Halifax.

The community here was very friendly. I don't know what it would have been like in a city. It would have been much more difficult but since we lived in a small village, they were very outgoing and friendly. When we first arrived with all our boxes and packages, the village children would all come stand and look and sit on the grass and see what came out of those boxes, which was to them very exciting.

I remember when I first went to school here. I don't know, we were probably sitting in a class room and these kids came to the door and said, "You don't look any different". I don't know what I was supposed to look like.

I had to come before school started to get tested. I was by that time 18 and the guidance teacher (a very nice lady who is still my friend) tested me. I felt as if I might as well go home. I was at the reading level of grade 4 and everything else was maybe grade 9. She said not to be discouraged but to keep trying, as it is just because of your English and that is what it was! I had another aptitude test in November and I'd gone up and when the whole class had an aptitude test in January, I was on the same level. Strange, isn't it. I enjoyed it.

Although I can't say I ever really experienced any prejudice, there were always little things that made you remember you were different.

The 10th of May which is Liberation Day. I remember when I went to school here, the 10th of May, that was in '55, 10 years after we had been liberated, I made a little Dutch flag and put it under the flag pole of the Canadian flag. Just for the heck of it, but they didn't know what it was all about, until they asked why I was doing that. Well, I said it was 10 years ago that we were liberated by Canadians!

I guess one never completely becomes Canadian, for even now they will say, "Meet our little Dutch girl" to me in the hospital. Isn't that strange and I became a Canadian in '59 but I am still "the little Dutch girl" and always will be!

When I return to Holland or think of what is different here, I see a lack in the Canadian educational system where the children don't have the exposure to other peoples and worlds that I see as so necessary.

I remember even, I suppose, it was grade 3 or 4, when we went on one-day train excursions in school in Holland. Everything was organized and for the first two hours you went to the assigned place. This would always be considered the cultural part of our trip. We would go through what they called Hoffia. It was like senior citizen homes and see how they lived, part of your future. Then we'd examine the little houses and see how neat they were with their gardens. Then the next thing, you'd go to a busy street and look at the architecture. That's such and such style and so on. Somehow you always did, you just went along and watched it and enjoyed what you were learning. On the train we would sing, the whole thing. That is another thing that is lacking here is the singing. We sing about anything, everything. My sister and I were just saying the other day about conversations between her boy and his dog and somebody feeding a rabbit, "why are you not eating them?" I remember singing foolish little songs in school that no one here would be caught dead singing. We had such fun!

I remember the architecture of the buildings and all the intricate handwork that went into the making. I know my mother always said: "When you make or build something, build it for the eye. The eye wants something too! Make it look good, not just serviceable!"

East Indian

Country of Origin

India has one of the oldest continuous civilizations on the planet. Located in southwest Asia, it is a nation which developed Arabic numerals, the decimal system, and some of the earliest cotton cloth. One of the world's religions, Buddhism, was established by an Indian, Gautama Buddha. New Delhi is the capital; other major cities are Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Varanasi and Agra.

To Nova Scotia

In the early 1960s when people of East Indian origin began immigrating to Nova Scotia, they suffered isolation, loneliness and a sense of insecurity. They came to Nova Scotia from various regions of India. (In our research, we interviewed people from the northern region and Bombay.) At that time, people settled in the Halifax area would get together in the evening at one another's homes to exchange views and to sing and share a meal. Those in the smaller communities of the province, where there may have been only one East Indian family, experienced a greater degree of loneliness at the beginning.

As time passed, the population of East Indians in Nova Scotia grew. Today, there are an estimated 4,000 people of East Indian origin residing in Nova Scotia. As the population increased, so did their desire to preserve their culture and extend a welcoming hand to others from India. It was for these and other reasons, that INCA came into being. INCA, the Indo-Canadian Association of Nova Scotia, regards the promotion of social, cultural and other activities among its members and to foster Indo-Canadian friendship as its main function. Members of this organization have been successful in cultivating and demonstrating the Indian culture, as well as aiding individuals in their settlement and adjustment to Nova Scotian society.

Because East Indians are taught English as a second language throughout the school year and their cities are Westernized, adaptation to life in Nova Scotia is easier.

In Nova Scotia, East Indians are employed in the professional fields as doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers, scientists. Immigration regulations stipulate that people from India apply for jobs in these fields where there are shortages.

East Indians in Nova Scotia speak Indian dialects in their homes. With the assistance of parents and the Association, the Indian language is taught to children.

National dishes made from rice, vegetables and curries are cooked in the homes. Indian bread, called chapati, always adds to delightful East Indian foods.

At a cultural gathering or shopping mall in Halifax, you will see women wearing the beautiful colors in sheer fabrics in "sari" style. In the rural areas of India, men wear what is known as the "dhoti".

Dances and the music of India are performed at cultural gatherings in this province. Their dances reflect the religious feelings of the people. The dances usually tell a story by means of body language. Some of such dances are the prayer-dance, garba, panihari and bhangra. In Nova Scotia, you will hear live musical performances of the sitar or the tabla.

The main religions of India are Hindu, Islam, Sikh, Christian, Buddhist, Jainism, Parsee. The Hindu temple on Cork Street and the Sikh Temple on Parkhill Road, Halifax, are the centers of many religious and cultural festivities.

Observances of both national and religious significance are celebrated annually with a flexible date. In Nova Scotia, the East Indian community celebrates their religious festivities such as Diwali, Durga Puja, and Guru Nanak's birthday. There also is the festival of lights, festival of colors, and the two eids, which all stem from their religions.

From our research, we learned that there is a wide range of feelings among East Indians. It varies from a sense of "not belonging" to feelings of discrimination and racism. They also note the majority of them feel at home and enjoy the warmth of Nova Scotian society.

Sources:
interviews
taped: Mr. N. Rizvi, Halifax
Mr. M.S. Tomar, Dartmouth
Mr. and Mrs. M. Dsouza, Parrsboro
Mr. Bal Kapur, Weymouth
not taped: Dr. S. Sodhi, Halifax
Mr. P.S. Randhawa, Halifax
Directory and 1979 Yearbook, Indo-Canadian Association of Nova Scotia (Printed as submitted by the Indo-Canadian Association of Nova Scotia)

"... around the world ..."

Interview with East Indian-born
Bal Kapur, Weymouth

I came to Canada in 1964. I came to look around and work because I wanted to travel around the world at that time. I came as a teacher to this country with a job already waiting. I taught in Annapolis Royal for six years and then moved to Weymouth. I've continued working as a teacher in Weymouth ever since.

I remember boarding the plane from London to Halifax. I wasn't sure if my English was up to par or not. Once here, however, it never occurred to me that I might have a problem with the language because my English was well understood.

"... so much open countryside!"

Interview with East Indian-born M.S. Tomar,
Dartmouth

I was born in India and arrived in Canada June, 1968. There were two reasons for my coming to Nova Scotia: a job opportunity and friends. At the time of arrival to this province, my family remained in India. They followed me at a later date.

My first impression upon arrival here was delight in seeing so much open countryside!

English

Country of Origin

England, part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, is a land of contrasting industrial cities and quiet moors and farmlands. It is the same latitude as Labrador but, due to waters influenced by the Gulf Stream, has a much more temperate climate. The present day English are descended from Iberians, the Celts, Romans, Angles, Saxons, Danes, Normans and others. London, one of the world's largest cities, is the capital, and Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester are major industrial centres.

To Nova Scotia

English settlement in Nova Scotia tended to begin a little later than either the Scottish or Irish. As surprising as that may seem, the proportion of English immigrants to Nova Scotia rose steadily in following years until it became the dominant ethnic group.

There are numerous, detailed accounts of their early settlement in Nova Scotia. In the first years it appears that three groups arrived: (1) those who came directly from England before 1850 (2) those who came as New England planters before the American Revolution and (3) Loyalists (refugees) who came around 1783. They settled primarily in the central part of the province and in and around Halifax as well.

The latest ethnic breakdown, made in 1961, shows that 33 percent of Nova Scotians are of English descent. The 1971 Canadian census places the English, Scots, Irish, and Welsh under the heading British, thus eliminating the finer breakdown.

Historically, England has been a country of great power, but in late years the economy has been unstable. English immigrants had experienced hard times in England and saw relatively limited opportunity. Crowded conditions and poor economic status prompted many to emigrate and Canada was seen as a land full of promise and potential. Simultaneous events on either side of the Atlantic prompted a significant influx of British immigrants in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Canada found itself in great need of teachers at the same time as those in England began to question the wisdom of remaining in that economically troubled country. As a result, many of the first-generation English people that we met were teachers and librarians.

Unlike most other ethnic groups, the English experienced no real language problem. After adjusting to the accent and learning the local expressions, little further effort was needed to understand the English spoken in Nova Scotia.

Some English immigrants have experienced, however, a slight "culture shock". Their adjustment generally involved an effort to understand subtle differences in the Nova Scotians' approach to life. People of English descent commented on the friendliness of Nova Scotians and how their own initial suspicion of their overt goodwill was "unsettling". They learned the way Nova Scotians handle their feelings on politics and the fine line between being merely inquisitive or genuinely concerned.

Their arrival in this country usually was accomplished without incident, by modern ship or airplane. Very often they came from large English cities and their settlement in small towns became the major adjustment.

Community acceptance has been an important matter to many English immigrants. If a new immigrant does not feel totally accepted into the life of a town or village, it is hard to decide if the problem is due to his English origin, or the attitude of his adoptive community toward outsiders.

English customs and traditions are very similar to those in Nova Scotia. Some of the English still send home for a certain brand of tea or, on November 5, celebrate Guy Fawkes' Day. But, basically the gap between the two cultures is quite narrow.

The one thing English immigrants miss the most is the sense of history common in England. The music, art and cultural life of English cities hold a lingering fascination for many, but, as one lady said, "You can't expect everything from such a new country".

An English lady spoke of an outlook she encountered in one of her countrymen. Coming to Canada is a matter of raising one's standard of living, but, at the same time, of lowering one's standard of achievement. This sentiment reflects a view that life in Canada and throughout North America is one of affluent ease. There are fewer modern luxuries or conveniences in England than in Canada. Considering the lack of differences separating the cultures, it is not surprising that most English people are very happy in their new way of life.

English immigrants in Nova Scotia have the advantage of being able to "look in from the outside" and make comparisons. Most visit England as often as possible, but are very happy to return to their new country.

Sources:

— taped interviews in Yarmouth Co. and Shelburne

— *Encyclopedia Canadiana*

— *National Geographic, Atlas of the World*

— *Banked Fires — The Ethnics of Nova Scotia*, by Douglas F. Campbell

"I'm here for a good life'

Some views from English-born Phillip Woods,
Bear River, Digby County

I'm from the south of England in Oxfordshire. Then my parents moved to Berkshire, 30 miles west of London. I lived there until I was 18. Then I left home and went to art school. I was in Guildford for a year when I went to the south coast, then London, working for a few years in architects' and design offices.

My grandparents always came to Canada. They were trying to persuade my parents to emigrate. I have an aunt who lives here, and my grandparents used to come and see her all the time.

My parents lived about 15 miles from Ascot where they have the races. One week every year, we'd see nothing but Rolls Royces and Bentleys.

I think cultural heritage is an important part of a Canadian's life. I'm happy to be a Canadian, but I'm also happy to be an Englishman and I don't see the difference. I can't help being anything else than what I am! A lot of immigrants come to this country for money . . . I'm here for a good life.

I was in the position of having everything one needed to emigrate. The only thing I couldn't do, and I wish I could, was speak French. I would like to speak French-Canadian because I feel that is very important, not for political reasons. I would like to see a lot of programs implemented to teach willing Canadians to speak French. It's frustrating to meet a French person and have to say, "I'm sorry, I don't speak French", especially when there are so many of them. It's a beautiful language and a beautiful heritage.

One reason why I settled here is that England is about the size of Nova Scotia and has sixty million people living there. I couldn't buy a piece of land without a 35-year mortgage.

I've heard more about being English in the last six months than I have in all of my time in Canada. It's been a mixed reaction. As an immigrant, I would say it's fairly difficult to integrate into the community. At the same time, I feel that I might be able to play an active part in local politics, should I wish to do so.

People around here have seen me working in this building for the last year. That changed their opinion of me which is really good! I know quite a few local people now who respond and talk to me. I'm feeling really good about my interaction with the local people.

I must say that I haven't experienced any serious prejudice from Canadian-born people. It has been the other way around. They tend to be more interested. I encountered it more in a place like Bear River where the people are very local and families have lived here for generations. It doesn't matter what you look like or if you've been here for 20 years; if you weren't born here, you're still an outsider. It's not like isolation, though!

In college, we used to go to a place called "Maiden Castle" in Britain and we used to have Americans, Canadians and people from all over come there and they'd really get off on heritage. I used to think they were crazy, but now I'm really aware of heritage and I know what they're talking about. That's why I like to talk to old timers here. They're a part of this heritage.

"Here, I seem to have time . . ."

Interview with English-born Mrs. Patricia Race, Barrington

The arrival in Canada of this English family was somewhat less pleasant than one would like to think.

"We were so tired, it was like a nightmare! The boat was like a part of England because we got on it in England and when we got off, it was like, 'Where do we go from here?' We had to wait a few hours at the train station — never had the sense to get a hotel and sleep for a few hours and get up early. We had huge trunks, plus small baggage and suitcases because when you come by boat you bring everything with you. There was another couple with us and they got as far as Lockeport, stayed a month, then went home. Everything wasn't smooth and comfortable for them. You can't just walk into a beautiful house! You've got to take what's going! We had an unusually dry summer in Lockeport, so there wasn't much water and we had to take our clothes to a laundromat in Shelburne. It was just too much for this couple."

"We came to Lockeport which is a small community here and the people there were so very nice that I was never afraid of any social wrong-doing. They made it very easy for us when we found it hard to find a place to live. The school principal and everybody were so helpful, so it wasn't very hard in the end. First, it seemed so expensive to live over here, until we adjusted to the fact that our salaries were that much higher, and the panic went down! The immigration people did a check on us. They used to then. We'd been here about a month and they came around to see how we were doing — did we understand about social insurance number? Had we found a job? Were we happy? They really wanted teachers in those days."

"I like knowing my neighbours well and I know that if I'm ill, they will be concerned, whereas in England you wouldn't find that so much. Peoples' values over here are different. People here like people. People in England like people on the surface; they're friendly, they'll talk on the bus, strangers will talk, they will joke with each other, but really don't get too close! Well, I think over here, it's always, not like one big family, but it's like the community cares about the community and in England that doesn't happen . . . perhaps on a small farm.

"In the school, I teach home economics. I remember giving a demonstration on making the edge of the fancy pie crust and I said, 'Put your finger on the edge and knock it up with a knife.' There was great laughter and they explained to me that it meant something quite different here! There were a few expressions and quite often students would say, 'I don't understand' and I would have to repeat it because I do talk quickly and I talk quickly with a strange accent. I never felt foolish. I never went in the store and felt embarrassed. They always knew what I meant. There were a lot of small children around who were Michael's age, so he was quite happy and I found a lovely lady to look after him — and cook — I figure I learned more about cooking in Lockeport than in three years at Teachers' College. The ladies in the community were fantastic cooks — and they'll part with their recipes."

With the arrival came the need for adjustment and change, for the people of Nova Scotia often had ways quite unfamiliar to the new immigrant.

"Speaking of government — in England, people don't take their politics seriously. They take their voting seriously. Suppose I was going to vote such a way, I could poster my car and my house and go into the pub and tease people. You could make a joke out of it — it's all very light-hearted and nobody minds how you vote. It's probably because your job doesn't depend on it so much. When we came over here in 1968, we were in a federal election and I always vote a different way from my husband, so we had both stickers on the house and the car. He was working at the vocational school, so you could say he was working for the government and he got in a great deal of trouble for advertising his politics. To us, it was just a joke! We found that a lot of people were uptight about their politics because they were employed by a Liberal government. I've seen two teachers on the same staff not talk to each other during an election because their politics are different."

"I find people over here, their attitude is, 'Well, so what? Tomorrow is another day. We might not live to see it, so let's be comfortable while we're here.' The idea of saving for a rainy day doesn't seem as prevalent here as it does in England. My father, who is dead, saved all his life. He was very careful. I never saw him do anything extravagant, like spread butter thick on his toast. He'd use margarine instead and spread it thin. He could eat two pork chops, but he would only eat one and he saved and saved and saved and never really got around to enjoying himself. He died of a heart attack before he ever lived."

"In addition, people here have a lot more time on their hands which for me is great, whereas in England, it's hurry, hurry, hurry. By the time you've got the bus and made your meal, the day is done. Here, I seem to have time — time to read, time to talk and time to relax and time to do a lot of things outside my home and outside my job that I couldn't do in England."

"I think that the attitude of the British towards Canada now is that, here it is a lazy kind of life for someone who hasn't got their sights set too high. They think we have come over here and raised our standard of living and lowered our standard of achievement. They also think that we have it too easy. My family thinks that way. They could never afford to come to Canada for a three week holiday, but I can afford to go there. They think that I've given up something that they hold very dear, for something that is not important."

"I don't think my children are getting as good an education here as they would in England. I think that my education is probably superior, but then again, I went to school when I was two and a half. I didn't leave school until I was 21. I probably went to school so early because of the war. I took five languages in school. You either went into arts or into science and I went into arts and took five languages. There's more emphasis on education altogether. It's a state-run thing and everybody can get a good education."

"What's wrong with Canada is there's three levels of government, municipal, provincial and federal. To pay your education bill, there's a large part that you have to raise by taxing the people of that community. Naturally, they feel they are paying your salary, which in a way, they are. They don't seem to have quite the same respect for professions. I would like the federal government to be totally in control of education, of all universities, all schools and not have all three levels putting in so much. You have some areas with only so much to spend. Compare this area school to a town school".

"And in England, it's not that way at all. Education is free, it didn't cost my parents a penny for me to go to teachers' college because the government paid my tuition and my board. I got a scholarship which paid me 70 pounds a year which brought me extra things, like my books, my fabric for sewing and pocket money. It really didn't cost them anything. Of course, I wasn't earning or bringing anything into the home and I wasn't there either. So I could have gone to college for 20 years, same as anybody else. Over here you can't do that".

"I miss the museums and the art galleries. I was brought up in one of the biggest university cities, Cambridge. I used to go into the museum to study something or go into a fantastic library or art gallery or into the university itself. I do miss that. The church where my family worshipped for 800 years is still there. When I go to England, I have a certain routine. I go to the old church; I take a boat down the river back to the colleges; I visit a painting that I like very much that is in one of the art galleries and I go to the Roman section of the museum. Then I say that's enough and I want to go back to Nova Scotia because I don't like living in England. I go once a year on my pilgrimage".

Estonian

Country of Origin

Estonia, a country slightly smaller in size than Nova Scotia, is bounded by Latvia, Russia, the Baltic Sea and Finnish Bay. Its main industries are: oil, shale mining, textiles, agriculture and fishing. Tallinn is both the capital city and the main port.

To Nova Scotia

The main influx of Estonians into the province occurred after the Second World War, the largest group settling in Pictou County in the fall of 1949. Several families still remain in the New Glasgow area, but most found employment in other parts of Canada.

During early settlement in Nova Scotia, Estonians were employed in fields related to fishing and farming while a few were major craftsmen. Some families in Lunenburg County are still gainfully employed in those fields. But, for the most part, Estonians in the province today are successfully employed in the fields of journalism, architecture, medicine, law and oceanography.

Approximately 100 Estonians live in Nova Scotia. They have not formed any organized groups because of the distance involved in travelling to meetings.

There were several major waves of Estonian immigration to Canada in the past, the first of which occurred around 1900. The second, in 1927, was under Admiral Pitka, hero of Estonia's War of Independence. The third occurred in 1944 when many Estonians fled the second Russian occupation of the Estonian Republic. By the mid-1950s, the Canadian census showed approximately 15,000 people of Estonian origin living in various areas of Canada. They have come from Germany, Sweden, the United Kingdom and other countries.

Under the blue, black and white flag of Estonian independence, Estonians brought with them the pride of their native country and many of their customs and traditions.

Similar to most newcomers, they encountered difficulties with language and employment. However, since Estonia's educational standards are comparatively high, they were able to integrate rather quickly through correspondence studies and up-grading.

Estonian costumes vary from province to province, representing 10 distinctive areas of their native country. Strong colors are found in the woven and embroidered fabrics. Many Estonians in the province still have costumes.

The *kannel*, similar to a harp, is an instrument which originates in Estonia and can be heard on records here.

Individuals in the province have actively organized gatherings of Estonians and their descendents. An annual or biannual visit is paid by an Estonian-speaking Lutheran minister. Most people still speak the language of their home country.

An annual commemoration is held on February 24 to mark the Declaration of Estonian Independence in 1918. June 21 marks Victory Day.

Linguistically, Estonian is a branch of the Finno-Ugrian family of nationals and it is closely related to Finnish. Throughout Canada, they contribute to several branches of the arts, including singing, theatre, crafts and architecture. Estonians are active in sports and physical education as well.

Sources:

— three interviews taped in Halifax, Dartmouth and Parrsboro

— *The Canadian Family Tree*

— *Encyclopedia Canadiana*

— a letter to the Multicultural Association of Nova Scotia written by Helmut Sandstrom

"I . . . arrived . . . by boat"

Interview with Estonian-born Hans Noges, Halifax

I was born in Estonia in 1916 and arrived in Canada in 1952 by boat.

Before emigrating, we had to go to a mission in Hanover, Germany. We were accepted, and then we had to get our ticket to come to Halifax. We wanted to go to Toronto to a big melting pot as well. But I had a friend here in Halifax, who invited me to stay here a couple of days to get accustomed to the Canadian way of life. I was offered a job, so I stayed here in Halifax.

Certainly Halifax is a smaller city. I came from the Estonian capital, Tallinn, so culturally we had more facilities than in Halifax. When we first came here, though, we had to work so we hadn't much time for operas and things like that.

"I . . . am very strongly attached to our heritage"

Comments of Estonian-born Mrs. Aet Sandstrom, Dartmouth

I was born in Estonia and left the country as a small child during the Communist occupation in 1944. After having lived in a number of displaced persons' camps in Germany, my family emigrated to the United States in 1951.

Most of my formal education was obtained in an English-speaking community and adjusting to that community became easier as the years went by and I became more familiar with the Western way of life. My social life, however, during those years, involved almost exclusively other Estonians. I was, and am still, very strongly attached to our heritage and culture. I was, at times, quite resentful at some Americans who believed in the "melting-pot" theory and who even tried very hard to make me lose my accent. An impossible task!

After I married, we moved to a university community and since there were students and faculty of many different nationalities, the pressures to become assimilated decreased.

I came to Nova Scotia as a landed immigrant in 1966, although I had visited Canada previously on many occasions.

What impressed me on my arrival here and what I still appreciate is the support given to multiculturalism. The financial support by various levels of government, the emotional support and interest by individuals, and the complete ease with which one can be "different", is something Canada and Nova Scotia can be proud of!

Having worked here for a number of years as a professional nurse, I have come in contact with many fine Nova Scotians and an amazing number of people of different nationalities. I am grateful for every opportunity to acquaint Nova Scotians with my background, and also to let them know how much I appreciate living in this beautiful and friendly province!

". . . five days to Halifax"

Interview with Estonian-born Helmuth Sandstrom, Dartmouth

I was born in 1931 in Estonia and arrived in Canada by boat in 1950. Most of my family came at the same time, my mother, my brother, and one sister. We started out from Sweden and it took approximately five days to get to Halifax.

Most of the people who came on the boat landed at Halifax and continued on to other locations in Canada. I don't think that any of them stayed in Nova Scotia at that time.

I came to Nova Scotia quite a bit later. The first time that I arrived here, we took the train to Ontario. I lived in Ontario for a number of years and continued my schooling in Ontario and later on in the United States. Then I came to Nova Scotia, for purposes of being employed. My job was such that Nova Scotia is one of the very few places where a person like myself can find a job.

I am an oceanographer by trade. I've been living in Nova Scotia since 1966.

Filipino

Country of Origin

The Philippines is an archipelago of 7,107 islands located between Japan and Indonesia. Only 1,000 islands are inhabited and eleven comprise 95 percent of the total land mass. In 1978, there were 45 million Filipinos, the birth rate being the highest in Asia. Fishing is the principal year-round hobby and chief livelihood. Fish and rice are the staple foods. Villages are united by kinship and governed by family elders.

Modern Filipinos are descended from Malays, believed to have come from what is now known as South China. They travelled through Sumatra, Borneo and Malaysia to reach their new homeland. It is believed they crossed the seas in large boats called *balangay*. Today, *barangay* (as the word is now spelled) is the name of the smallest Filipino political unit.

Spain ruled the country for 333 years until a revolution occurred in 1896. The Filipino culture has been variously influenced by Spain, Taiwan, Borneo, China, Malaysia, Singapore, Indochina and the United States. Manila is the capital city.

To Nova Scotia

Emigration from the densely populated Philippines to Nova Scotia began about 1968. An estimated 150 Filipino families now live in Nova Scotia, mainly in the Halifax metro area. Several teachers have settled in centres such as Barrington Passage and Windsor.

Filipinos in Nova Scotia continue to speak their language at home. The linguistic root of the language is Malayo-Polynesian. In greeting one another, they ask, "Where do you come from?" In reply, the region is stated. More than a mere curiosity, this question identifies regional characteristics and, therefore, the exchange helps to avoid tactless behavioural mistakes, since Filipinos continue to reflect tribal attitudes.

In Nova Scotia, a provincial Filipino Association has been successfully bringing together both Filipinos and other citizens since its formation in 1968. The 1979 "Filipino Week" attracted many people to the Association's *Barrio* (village) Fiesta; a craft and educational display; a dance, and fashion show. The Association's stimulating publication, called *FANS MAIL*, provides current news and historical material.

The Filipinos of Nova Scotia are mostly young professionals. English speaking and friendly themselves, they told us that they find Nova Scotians friendly, although they notice differences in life styles. One man said he was surprised to be called by his last name and had initially taken this as a mark of disrespect.

Here as at home, folk songs and dances are performed by Filipinos dressed in a wide range of interesting ensembles. Their costumes reflect Spanish, Indonesian and Malayan traditions in such dances as tinikling, carinosa, binasuan, sutli, la jota moncadena, itik-itik, and pandanggo sa ilaw.

Filipinos in Nova Scotia design and sew fashions, for both men and women, that show traces of Spanish influence. The *barong tagalog*, for instance, is a shirt made of thin, cool fabric and is acceptable for formal wear. It is made from the hemp of pineapple and bears intricate, hand-embroidered designs. One attractive style for women is the mestiza dress. It has butterfly sleeves reminiscent of the times of Maria Clara, heroine of a popular novel, *Noli Me Tangere*. The novel was written by Dr. Jose P. Rizal, a man whose writing initiated the revolution against the Spaniards.

In their homes and often in public places, the Filipinos display crafts made from wood, shells, bamboo, abaca, cotton, vines and weeds. Carving, shell craft, jewellery, wall hangings, weaving, crochet and embroidery are commonly included in these displays.

Although relatively new to Nova Scotia, Filipinos contribute fully to many aspects of life here.

Sources:

— Two taped interviews in Barrington Passage
— Interview (not taped) with Ambassador Ramon V. Del Rosario
— Notes taken during Filipino Week in Cole Harbour, Halifax Co.
— *FANS MAIL*, Vol. V, #4, 1978-79
— *The Philippines -- The Land and the People*, Carmen Guerrero Nakpil, National Media Production Center, Manila, 1978

The Filipina, an attempt at a definition

Article by Filipino-born Linda Hamilton, RN, BSN, Halifax

(When the Editor asked me to write an article about the Filipino woman, I readily took on the task, thinking that it was going to be easy. I realized too late that this was not the case, for to write about a Filipina is not only difficult, but also could create some controversies among both our men and women folks. Surely it is not a topic that could win friends.)

I have been away too long from our homeland to presume to know a great deal about the Filipina (the present day Filipina, anyway). However, I would attempt to define the Filipino woman as I have grown to know her in my early years of growing and becoming one myself. In an effort not to offend or be proven wrong by anyone, I decided to write down my own impressions of a typical Filipina from my own experience and knowledge of the different influences that have pervaded our way of life.

I grew up at a time when girls were taught to be pure, reticent and unassuming. Lest we forget, we are descendants of Maria Clara, the heroine in "Noli Me Tangere". A desirable trait in a woman was to be "mahinhin" which stands for demureness, sweet disposition, gentleness and obedience. As soon as I was old enough to know the difference between the sexes, I have been reminded by admonitions such as "Men are not to be trusted. They are sneaky wolves in gentlemen's clothes ready to jump and devour once they have gained a girl's trust." As a result, my socialization process has been quite limited. Because boys were considered as adversaries, developing any friendly or platonic relationship with the opposite sex was almost impossible. This was somehow compensated by the fact that I had three older brothers, although this too can be a handicap!

In that old, traditional society where I grew up, a man was expected to woo a woman and go through a difficult testing period. Courtship was a one way street, with the man always trying to ingratiate himself with gifts, attempts to visit, and developing good relationships with the family. Not only does he have to overcome the Filipina's indifference and indecision, but also get in the good books of well-meaning brothers or uncles. Somehow, brothers have a strong sense of responsibility for their sister's welfare so they take it upon themselves to look into a suitor's background. This involves an extensive research of one's achievements in school, work, and past and/or present "liaisons". Not to be ignored is the size of his bank account, or potential in this area. One then had to listen to relatives' and family's assessment of a man, thus influencing one's decision to see or encourage a man. A girl who lived at home and had no other means of seeing him usually resorted to one of two things: discouraging a man's attempt to pursue his interest to the point of being rude, or eloping with him. Both, however, are done in haste and, usually, followed by remorse.

Being in a university setting has modified this somewhat. For women are also encouraged to pursue and attain a higher level of education and a degree in the field of her choice. Disciplines like law, medicine, dentistry, architecture and engineering have accepted a considerable number of women. Although the above mentioned professions are predominantly male-oriented.

Upon graduation from high school, I wanted to enter the college of law. This did not meet with my family's approval. My brother, who was in his last year in law school at that time, had the strongest objection on this area. These were his words of wisdom, "I have been in classrooms with only 3 or 4 girls. They never finish, they go off and get married. The pressure will be too much for you. This is not a woman's field." And so, being an obedient, respectful daughter and sister, I went into nursing, much to everyone's satisfaction. I have enjoyed being a nursing student since and have completely forgotten my earlier aspirations. Although I sometimes wonder what it would have been like being one of three girls in a male dominated classroom. Would I have folded under the pressure of the male ego trying to distract me, or would I have stood my ground with them. I could only speculate.

In the university campus, I saw and have become acquainted with a new breed of Filipina. These are the ones we looked up to with respect and admiration. Witty, intelligent and outspoken, this new breed of Filipina competed with enthusiasm against her once feared male counterparts in scholastic fields, in debates and even in running for offices in Student Councils and, more often than not, coming out the best of their betters. This change in the Filipina's attitude and outlook in life is a direct result of the western influence on her life. The gregarious, outspoken, lively and intelligent American co-eds became, overnight, the model of their Filipina counterparts in the college. However, to be "Americanized" is still either taken as a compliment or censure, depending on what context one is described. The "liberation" of the Filipina has not yet reached their bedrooms.

The customs, traditions, and moral values of yesteryears, handed down to us from generation to generation, cannot be easily disregarded. Thus, a Filipina might be outspoken and liberal about topics like dating, sex, and other controversial topics, but, really, in her own self, is just as romantic and prudish as her grandmother wanted her to be. One minute she could be fun-loving, generous and game, but soon the "id" takes over. And, in these days of the so-called women's emancipation, there are still many an accomplished and educated Filipina who still suppress their ambitions in order to stay home, bear children and help her husband pursue his career.

It is no wonder then that I find it difficult to write about the Filipina and be assured of its authenticity. The two major cultural experiences in her life still play a major part in her day-to-day life. While she enjoys the freedom afforded her in the present generation, she nevertheless still remains appreciative of the values of her past.

And thus, the Filipina, to most people is an enigma. And no less a distinguished personality as Justice George Malcolm paid tribute to this complex personality when he paid tribute to the Filipino woman, when he said in his book: "The Filipino woman is the best man in the country".

This observation is based on the Filipino woman's innate ability and sense of responsibility with the increased awareness of women's rights during the seventies. Articles have been written about the Filipina's status or role in society. Literature has proven that the Filipina has always occupied a high standing in the community, whether it be as a priestess during the pre-Spanish times, or a well-known figure in international present-day politics or the equal partner in a barrio leadership. Though at this point, I would digress a bit and relate a story I heard during our alumni homecoming. This was contained in the remarks of a lady lawyer who was the guest speaker. She chose to talk about women and their status. "A powerful ruler in the Far East one day sent a summons to all the wisest men in the country to solve an urgent problem. Once all the greatest thinkers were gathered he disclosed his problems. "My fellowmen, you all know how much influence my wife has on decisions I make in ruling this country. It has come to the point wherein she might as well rule the country. You have to help me figure out a way of stopping her. I have also heard that this is a situation up against them. Those of you who have the same problem, please stand up and go to the right side of the room!" At which point, everyone got up to the right side of the room except for one. Everyone looked with awe at the meek-looking man who remained seated. The ruler exclaimed, "My great compatriot, I would be indebted to you if you tell me why you are the only one who did not join these men. What do you do?" the ruler exclaimed. To this he replied, "Sir, the last thing my wife told me before I left the house was "Stay away from crowds!" I don't presume to say that this is the role most Filipinos hold in most households. I can only ask one to look around him and decide for himself. Imelda Marcos was quoted as saying that "Women are not adversaries, the enemies of men, but their equal partners. We are not surrogates of men, their substitutes; for we have our own role to play. A different role but surely an equally important one."

One only has to approach a male or female Filipino and ask him to describe a Filipino woman to find that there really is no "typical Filipina". Physical attributes like complexion, height, build are as varied as her personality. One could still talk about her in relation to her geographical birthplace. Such as a Visayan is known to be generous, fun-loving. The Tagalog, a self-assured, confident woman. The frugal, industrious, hard-working Ilocana with an Americanized name. Regardless, she is usually considered with admiration and respect.

Maybe if one sits down and examines the present Filipina in Canada, a different picture will emerge. However, who wants to be placed in a specific category anyway? A Filipina is an individual with certain attributes, shortcomings and ambitions. Each one is different from the other. She is a human being — prone to change with the times and circumstances! One thing is for sure: I am proud to be a Filipina, regardless or probably because of my upbringing. One can only come out of such conflicting values with a strong moral conviction of what she wants to be.

Reference: *The Philippines Quarterly*, (December, 1975, Volume 7, No. 4)
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"... just a reward!"

An interview with Filipino-born
Roberto G. Tiangco, Barrington Passage

I am a Filipino from the Philippines. I arrived in September 1966, first in Montreal, and then after a year, ventured to the Northwest Territories, before landing in Nova Scotia. I had some friends working at the Victoria General Hospital.

It was at the time of Expo '67 when Canada was well advertised in the Philippines, so I was attracted to Canada. During that time, prospective immigrant teachers were given a TOPEL (English Proficiency Test). Fortunately, I passed the test and that's how I was allowed to teach in Canada.

The southern part of the Philippines is underdeveloped, but I lived in the northern part of the country. The three official languages are Spanish, English and Tagalog. We were educated in English at school. Very seldom would you talk in your own language when you were in school, but out of the classroom you spoke your own language. It's very hard to learn a language, but ours is phonetic (there are no silent letters). I think it's easy to learn our language. Filipino is actually a mixture of Spanish and Tagalog.

I am not married. I am single. My mother came in September. She says she's going to stay until I get married. I was supposed to be married three times, but I am tough! Filipinos are very obedient. We obey our folks, we never say "no", always "yes".

Most Filipinos who came here with a family or have family in the Philippines, want to save enough money for future needs. If they figure out they like the place, they want all their family here. Mine is what you call adventure. I did not have anybody. Only last year, my mother came. But previous years to that, I didn't have anybody. I used to go to Halifax, or Montreal as much as I could. Other times, since I did not know how to drive, I'd ride the bus from here to Halifax and it took me a complete day. Now I know how to drive and it helps.

In this school, I have taught for seven years. I used to put on short plays each year. It's fun for the students. I just figured the children enjoyed it. I enjoyed it too. It was my idea of putting on a show for our language program. Children are very good at it and they are very creative. What I like is to develop each and every one of their talents. Lots of potential! I worked out what is good for the school. You know what school work is... it needs some memorization, and good expression. If you are asked to speak before the public, you are no longer scared because you are familiar with the stage. Some people are frightened to death, but they get over it. The more you do, the better it is!

I am used to Canadian food. Sometimes, I also bring Filipino food to the school and let my co-teachers taste our fruit salad. Our Filipino dishes are very similar to the Spanish delicacies. Very spicy!

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School time is too long in the Philippines, much longer than here. The day starts at 7 o'clock in the morning and runs to past five in the intermediate grades. Physical Education is done outside every day because of the tropical climate. In addition, our music lessons are taught regularly. The boys have industrial arts and the girls have home economics daily in the elementary department. We also have gardening and agricultural studies as subjects. Preservation of food is a common problem. Anything live that we get, like poultry or fish, must be cooked right away or else it will spoil. We have plenty of mosquitoes in places near ponds and ditches but less in my locality. Some houses are lucky enough to have screens so the houseflies and other insects won't get in.

Worthy of mention is our Filipino Association in Halifax. They call it FANS. There are now more than 200 members. Mostly they are in Halifax, but I know of two families in Yarmouth. They are close friends of mine. Both of them work in the Yarmouth Regional Hospital. One is a medical technologist and the other is a doctor.

You have asked if there are prejudices. In some places there are and I don't care! If they want to talk to me, of course I will talk! I never let myself be bothered with some of the things they say. My pupils often times confused me with Japanese or Chinese. I show them the Philippines on the map to clarify. As a matter of fact, there are different kinds of people in Canada with many different ways of life. The same is true of the Philippines which became a melting pot of the Pacific.

Sometimes we might be misinterpreted about hospitality. We are really hospitable and I give my pupils a reward like candies for the extra good things they have done. To some, it may mean bribing the children! For me, it was just a reward! I do have a sincere and genuine love for the pupils under my care.

I think multiculturalism is a way of solving problems. I have a Hindu girl in the classroom. Her father is teaching senior mathematics. They have been in this municipality for 11 years now. Another immigrant is a doctor from India. He is very active in multiculturalism.

I did enjoy the events that have taken place during the last decade. The younger generation in the Philippines are just like young people here. Some of them want to follow their traditions, then they want other people's traditions too. Likewise, some people born here adopt traditions and customs which are totally different from the Filipinos born in the Philippines, because they've been Canadianized.

When it comes to work, generally we are very hard workers. We work up to the last minute. We never think of time. If work is to be done in one hour, we go beyond that without any compensation. One thing I notice here is that if the work is for one hour, it is for one hour — exactly, no more and no less.

Well, last but not least, I should say that I have come to like this place and I'm also grateful for the bountiful blessings that were showered upon me!

German

Country of Origin

Located in the heart of Europe, Germany was formed, over a century ago, from a collection of allied states. Since the Second World War, Germany has been divided into East Germany (the German Democratic Republic) and West Germany (the Federal Republic of Germany). The German people are descended from tribes of Saxons, Thuringians and Bavarians. Some people of Slavic background are found among those who have descended from the early Germanic tribes. In West Germany, Bonn is the capital; Hamburg is the port; Munich is the cultural, industrial centre. In East Germany, East Berlin is the capital and Leipzig, the industrial centre.

In Nova Scotia

In its development of Nova Scotia in the 18th century, the British government decided to settle in Lunenburg County a large number of people from Germany. Most of these settlers, who were mainly from the Palatinate (southwestern Germany), brought with them their own customs and traditions.

In the early 1750s, nearly 3,000 immigrants from German and French states of the Holy Roman Empire, and from Switzerland, as well as a small number from the Netherlands, came to Lunenburg. Called the "foreign Protestants", a common term of the period, they sought escape from religious persecution, economic problems and the ravages of war. They were farmers primarily, although they had many artisan skills useful in pioneering. They landed at Halifax, cared for temporarily below Citadel Hill and eventually some 1,600 were located at Lunenburg, then called Merligash. Because of the ravages of attacks and fighting, some of the settlers returned to Halifax, settling in the north suburbs or at Dutch (Deutsch) Village (hence, Dutch Village Road, Halifax).

German settlers in the Lunenburg area settled such places as Mahone Bay, Chester and French Village. However, by 1770, Lunenburgers had built their own church and, for a time, had German-speaking ministers. The German language survived only a few generations in Lunenburg, although a distinctive way of speaking has been retained to this day. There was not a concerted effort to maintain all language and traditions.

Still standing today as a monument to the early German settlers to Nova Scotia, is a building known as "the little Dutch (Deutsch) Church" on Brunswick Street, Halifax. It became the first Lutheran church in Canada, when, in 1756, German settlers moved a former house to its present site, and began holding services in it until 1761. Remains of early German and other settlers are resting in its nearby graveyard. Then, in 1761, the church was consecrated as St. George's Church. The second oldest structure in the Halifax area, the "little Dutch Church" is used today for occasional services such as marriages, and an annual service to remember the early German settlers. It is under custodianship of St. George's Church and the Lutheran Synod of

Winnipeg.

An unconscious, rather than conscious, German culture prevails today. Few people speak German, except those who have come to Canada more recently and have settled in places like New Germany or at Bear River, Digby County. Approximately 15 families from Germany have settled in Lunenburg County since the second World War.

Many of the qualities of hard work, caution and patience continue today, but traditions most intact focus on cuisine. For instance, Lunenburg sausage is known and used in many parts of the province, and sauerkraut is still prepared in the traditional way. Tancook Island sauerkraut is sold in supermarkets throughout Nova Scotia.

Traditional recipes have been handed down and a cookbook containing many recipes from the kitchens of Lunenburg, including such delicacies as solomon gundy, kohl cannon, kartoffelsuppe and turnip kraut, has been published.

An effort is being made to revive traditions through community efforts such as "Summerfest and Oktoberfest". The local weeklies, particularly Lunenburg's *Progress-Enterprise*, carries feature articles on the early history of the country and its people, and notes names that long since have been altered, (for example, Schwinheimer is now Swinnimer and Weinacht has become Whynot or Whynacht). The fine skills of the people of Lunenburg are channelled into such activities as the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition and the Lunenburg Heritage Society, which was founded in the early 1970s to preserve the county's rich and useful culture. A German-Speaking club has been in existence since 1972, in the metropolitan area of HalifaxÇDartmouth.

The original German farmers adapted, after several generations, to a coastal environment and built the fishing and ship-building industry, so useful to the province's economy. It could not have been done without the qualities of self-reliance which were brought by their forebears.

Sources:

— three interviews taped in New Germany and Bear River

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"It is Bavarian"

Interview with German-born
Konrad Hacker, Halifax

I am from southern Germany, Bavaria. When you go from Bavaria to Austria, you hardly notice differences. From there on, you go into Hungary. There is not that much difference. The costumes are a little bit different, but the mentality, the thinking, is not that much different. For instance, I can appreciate Yugoslavians, Hungarians, Romanians and Ukrainians very much. I can appreciate their thinking, their actions, simply because I am from southern Germany! I can think along their line of thought, what they are doing, and what they respond to. When it comes to northern Germans, to me, they are cooler. If you wind up in Hamburg with no money, just nobody will assist you. In Munich, if you have no money, you still live. You are accepted as a human being. Towards northern Germany, it gets a little bit harder!

When someone talks about German traditions, they are really talking about Bavaria, which is not German. It is Bavarian. The northern Germans are all worked up about it. Automatically you think of "oom-pa-pa" music. Probably one of the more lively ceremonies that they have is a German beerfest. Yet in some places in Germany they hardly drink beer!

A Sculpture for The Queen Mother

by German-born Mrs. Elfriede Meindl,
New Germany

I began sculpting small pieces from nursery rhymes for my children. One year I entered some of them into competition at the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition. I won first prize, not because they were so terrific, but because, at that time, there was no competition. When the stores saw them there, they urged me to try and make Nova Scotia fishermen. I went out and studied fishermen on the wharf. I studied how they walked and stand and talk. Then I made the first few figurines and since I was at the right place at the right time, with the right product, they caught on and sold readily!

But my first love is sculpting bigger pieces, figurines about 12 to 14 inches tall, big enough to give them real faces and character. Since I have never studied art, this is a natural gift and I am thankful for it. I got started on my favorites, the legends of Nova Scotia, through a letter from a 90-year-old woman. She remembered a story from her 1906 grade five reader and urged me to try to make it.

It was the story of Ulrike. Ulrike had come with the first settlers to Lunenburg after having left behind a fiancé in Germany. In order to bring him to Canada, she needed money to buy his passage. To earn that, she walked from Lunenburg, through the woods to Grand Pré, to get herself a cow. She did and later managed to get her fiancé to Nova Scotia. But what got me hooked was the courage displayed by these pioneers in our country. So I made Ulrike.

A while later I found Grace McLeod Rogers' *Stories of the Land of Evangeline*. This is a collection of stories and legends of Nova Scotia. So far, I have made six figurines based on these legends. One of them, "The Hunchback of Port Royal", was given by the provincial government to former Governor General Jules Leger. Another, based on the story of "The Scarlet Spectre of Sandy Ridge" was a present from the Province of Nova Scotia to the Queen Mother during her 1979 visit.

When I make a figurine, I read the story over and over again, until one particular sentence or paragraph strikes me and gives me an idea and inspiration for a sculpture. Then I think, and try to imagine how it must look to express the situation. Finally I sit down and let it all pour out into the clay. The Queen Mother's figurine was an old woman who gave a dying soldier one last cup of cool clear water.

I started working in my kitchen with my four children around me. While I made fishermen, they made bread and sausages out of the same clay. It worked as well as a babysitter and they absorbed some of my technique. My oldest daughter, Susan, has now started out on her own. While I make older people, she makes the young. I guess that is only natural. She makes young people and clowns, but has had her greatest success with unicorns, for which she is well known all over Nova Scotia. She is now in England, studying art at St. Michael's School of Art in London.

My own figurines have brought me much joy. They have gone with all kinds of people into all corners of the world, Russia, Australia, South America and Europe. Although I sell most figurines to stores whose customers I do not know, I know that the sculptures are good ambassadors for Nova Scotia, a province I have come to love deeply. It is a love which I try to express in my own fashion, by capturing some of the spirit and courage of our forefathers on this soil.

"I learned word-by-word"

by German-born Rev. Rolf Meindl, New Germany

My wife Elfriede and I came to Canada in 1952. We first lived in Toronto where we were met by my sister who had come a few months earlier. We wanted to get out of Germany, where living was difficult in those first few years after the war. We felt there were great opportunities in Canada.

We never felt lonely. We had my sister and a few other friends who had emigrated earlier. We soon became part of the Lutheran Church where we made many new friends and established relationships which last to this day.

I was a trained machinist. This training was accepted here so I got a job almost immediately. Work was a bit difficult at first because I knew no English and so did not know the names of tools. I used to carry a little pad in my pocket and if I did not know the name of a tool, I drew it for the tool-keeper who would tell me the name. So I learned word by word!

The thing that really got us going was English at night school. I went for one year and Elfriede, for two. Although I had only eight years of public school in Germany, I decided in 1960 to go to university and seminary to become a pastor of the Lutheran Church in America. I studied as an adult special student at what is now Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario. After my ordination in 1965, we came to New Germany. It was kind of strange, leaving Germany because we wanted to get away and ending up in New Germany, Nova Scotia! But that's the way it worked out!

We came here and fell in love with the place. It is beautiful in this area and it reminds me very much of the part of Germany where I grew up (Wuerttemberg) with the hills and valleys and the river. We feel right at home here.

We do not speak much German anymore because the children are not fluent in this language. The oldest two children know quite a bit but the two youngest can only understand a few words. I guess we got away from it because in university I had to do all my work in English and I just could not switch back and forth all that easily. We also had taken in boarders to keep us going and to help pay for the schooling. Since they were all English, it was only natural that everybody talked in that language.

Now I read only church papers and theological books in German. Lately I have started to collect books in my home dialect (Swabian) and I read them for the joy and fun of it.

There are still some traces of the German past evident in the county. Characteristics such as determination, tenacity, economy, and thrift, and also some old-fashioned German stubborness. Some of them are sometimes almost carried to the extreme. One thing, though, people seem to have picked up much of the English reserve and cannot let themselves go as readily as in Germany.

When the children were small, we did keep German tradition, especially at Easter and Christmas. We still cook half German and half English. Over the years, a few people have tried to revive some German traditions and customs. It seems as if they are slowly succeeding in awakening people to a colourful and rich past history. I hope that their effort will grow.

If one digs deep enough, one can still find a few traces of the language and even a few German recipes in some older woman's kitchen, such as sauerkraut soup and gschmaelzte soup, etc. The meat puddings and Lunenburg sausage also point back to the German heritage, although their taste and spicing have changed drastically over the years.

I think there should be at least one restaurant in Lunenburg County serving purely German food. This could be a real drawing card and could also help in reviving some of the old recipes again. I see also great possibilities for the county in German-type festivals, music, choral singing, etc. I imagine that such things could boost the tourist industry and also the self-understanding of the people here.

As to the question, how much of the German background is left in your children? I must say if they reflect German culture it would be unconsciously; that is, things they have grown up with that have become part of them. They have all spent some time in Germany, but with the exception of the oldest, not enough to make much difference.

I would say to anybody who comes to this country, "have patience". Take time to get to know the people and the area. You will then come to know it as much as we have come to love it!

Greek

Country of Origin

Greece (Hellas), for many centuries, was a crossroads of trade between Europe and Asia. It occupies the southern most part of the Balkan Peninsula with an area of 50,944 square miles, of which about one fifth is composed of islands in the Aegean and Ionian seas. Living on a peninsula, the Greeks came early to the sea and as a result, Greece today owns one of the largest merchant fleets in the world. Early Greek civilization still reminds the world of its strength and its remnants contrast impressively with modern buildings. Athens is the capital of Greece and Piraeus is the major port. The established Church of Greece is the Orthodox Church and 98% of the people are Greek Orthodox.

To Nova Scotia

Little emigration from Greece to Canada took place before the turn of the century. In 1901, less than 300 Greeks had settled in the whole of Canada. One of the first to come to Nova Scotia was businessman John Spiridakis, who arrived in 1898, lived in New Glasgow and settled later in Sydney. Among the first Greeks who settled in Halifax, about 1906-07, were Evangelos Protopappas, from the island of Tenos; Andrew Zafiropoulos, from Galasidi; and Panayis Karamanos, from the island of Spetjai. There were sailors who came to the port of Halifax and remained. In 1907, James Karas came from the mountainous village of Katouna, Acarnania, and operated a business in the capital city.

Among other early settlers from Greece were John Raptis and James Vassilakis, Sydney; George Markandonis and James Katsafanas, Glace Bay; and Alex and Aristides Meletides, Petros and Nicholas Petropoulos, John Alexander, Nick Aliotis, Halifax.

Between 400 and 500 families of Greek origin reside today in Nova Scotia with the largest number living in the Halifax-Dartmouth area and in Sydney. Greeks were very reluctant to leave their beautiful homeland but poverty forced many to emigrate to other lands.

A closely-knit community, the Greeks in Nova Scotia have organized wherever possible into communities centering around their church. In Halifax, St. George's Greek Orthodox community was organized in the early 1930s. The first priest, Father Theodore Scartsiades, arrived in 1932 and celebrated the liturgy.

In 1941, the community purchased what is now St. George's Greek Orthodox Church, at the corner of Queen and Morris Street. The building had been erected in 1865 by Russian Orthodox adherents. Later, it was used by Anglicans for a Sunday school.

In Halifax, as in Greece, the most significant holiday for the community is Easter. On Good Friday, the women and children gather at the church to decorate with flowers the "epitaphio," which is a representation of the body of Christ. At night, the epitaphio is carried around the church to symbolize the journey to the sepulchre and is followed by the whole congregation. At midnight on Saturday, the congregation awaits, with unlit candles, for the priest to exit from the sanctuary. He emerges with a lighted candle to announce that "Christ has risen". He lights the candles of those nearest him and each in turn gives light to others, repeating the declaration that "Christ has risen". To this, the other person replies "Truly He has risen".

An enterprising people, many Greeks have established businesses of a great variety and they take pride in decorating their walls with Grecian art. Others have brought professional skills in several fields.

A great majority of the Greek families speak the Greek language at home and to advance the ability of their children to understand and appreciate Greek culture, a priest established a school in 1969. Later a Greek school teacher was engaged to conduct regular evening classes. Today, the Greek community has purchased land on Purcell's Cove Road and has constructed a community centre. Plans for the future include construction of a Byzantine-styled cathedral over the community centre, and more recreational facilities for the youth.

The people of Greek origin have cultivated an energetic community life, based on their country of origin, which they visit frequently. At the same time, they have entered, with equal energy, into the business, cultural and professional life of Nova Scotia.

Sources:
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— *Encyclopedia Canadiana*, "People of Greek Origin"
— *The Canadian Family Tree*
— *The Greeks in Canada*, George Vlassis, Ottawa, 1953 (2nd edition)
— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

"The people here are kind"

An interview with Greek-born
Peter Giannoulis, Halifax

I left Greece in 1967 because, at that time, a dictatorship took over the government. I was employed by the government and I, together with hundreds of other people, stood against this regime. We had to leave and try to do something from outside. I am thankful to the Canadian Embassy in Athens for giving me a visa to come to Canada. I had some relatives in Halifax so I came here.

I came off the boat, "Olympia". We left December, 1967. We were at sea for approximately 14-15 days and we arrived in Halifax on Christmas Eve. My relatives were waiting for me.

I had some difficulties in the beginning with language and with the environment here. I met different people with a different language, different customs and a different way of living. The weather was much different than it was back in my own country. When I arrived the temperature was near 10 below. I had never experienced such cold before. I got used to it!

I went to night school to learn English. Of course, I had to work in order to make a living here. I didn't have much money with me when I came so I had to keep two jobs in order to cope with my expenses here and also to send some money back to my people.

The people here are kind. They treated me well. Of course, in the beginning, I was in no position to understand, but I could realize by their behaviour that there wasn't any animosity towards me. There are some exceptions but this occurs everywhere.

When I arrived it was Christmas Eve and the ship arrived in port at six in the afternoon. At midnight, we went to a Greek service. I was very happy among all those Greek people, listening to the Greek liturgy.

The Greek school in Halifax was established since 1969. The priest was teaching some Greek classes at night but it wasn't regular because he couldn't cope with his duties as priest, leader of the community and teacher. We hired a teacher who came from Greece. We established regular classes. After seven or eight years, our school is recognized by the Canadian and Greek government. We have about 150 pupils in the school. The teacher leads the couse and he has a couple of people to help him because, with that many children, it's not that easy to cope. Parents pay fees and the children learn a lot. They learn the Greek language, culture, history, theology, Greek traditions and dances, theatre. We are very pleased with our success.

Canadian people celebrate birthdays but we have a different custom. We have more emphasis on name days. My name is Peter but my real Christian name is Pontelis. We celebrate it on the 27th of july. Days like these are exceptional for us Greeks. We emphasize such events by getting together and having a good time.

My family and I go to Greece every two years during the summer and we stay there for a couple of months.

It's not traditional for Greeks to work in the restaurant business. I think what happened was that when the first Greek immigrants came to Canada, they got involved in the restaurant business (of course, they do like good cooking!). The people that left there weren't the educated ones at the early part of the century. The people who emigrated to Canada came from agricultural communities. When they came they didn't have the means to cope with different conditions. They went to work for Greeks. That's how everybody got involved with this business because of the language problem. They couldn't apply anywhere else for work, only to their compatriots.

I particularly like Nova Scotia. Halifax is a great city! It's not too large. When you are in a big city with millions of people around you, you really are alone. But, in a small city, you get to know your neighbours, you get to know people, you feel that you are somebody!

Hungarian

Country of Origin

Hungary has had numerous changes in name and government. It was at one point part of Yugoslavia, at another time part of Austro-Hungary and is now bounded by Austria, Czechoslovakia, the Ukraine, Romania and Yugoslavia. The Hungarian language is quite unlike other languages. It is of Finno-Ugrian origin but it does not have any close linguistic affinity with other groups. Budapest is the capital city.

To Nova Scotia

There have been four distinct periods of Hungarian immigration to Canada: (1) in 1888-1914, rural settlers fled an oppressive feudal land system; (2) in 1921-1939, after the first World War, the Canadian government encouraged the immigration of central Europeans suited to farm and domestic work; (3) and (4) immigration of "displaced persons" took place in 1956 while war refugees arrived in 1946.

The reception which these immigrants received from their new Nova Scotia neighbours was often dependent on the times both in Canada and in Europe. In speaking with immigrants of Hungarian descent, we noted a pervasive, positive outlook despite what could only be described as many negative experiences.

For the earlier immigrants and even more recently, it was a hard struggle to get jobs and to earn enough money to feed hungry families (an experience many may lack the ability to truly understand). Most newcomers had virtually no knowledge of the English language.

However, obtaining food and work and the lack of English language skills, have not been the only sources of difficulty for Hungarians in Nova Scotia. With the outbreak of the Second World War and its ensuing pressures, they were often subjected to feelings of prejudice and discrimination. That, of course, made life unpleasant, and it was a relief all round when those kinds of friction faded to the background.

Hungarians who have come here are generally well integrated into the Canadian way of life. Most families have retained some parts of their cultural background, although the scarcity of numbers prevents full expression of Hungarian tradition. For example, the distinctive dress according to province is no longer retained in Nova Scotia. However, some families still prepare old country dishes like Hungarian goulash, and cabbage rolls. Others follow the old custom of having soup with every meal.

National holidays are remembered but not observed in Nova Scotia since they really mean nothing here. For Hungarian people, May 1 is Labour Day and March 15 marks the important 1848 uprising.

Hungarian crafts are characterized by beautiful embroidery and fine needlework. Homes of Hungarian people now settled in Nova Scotia display colourful wall hangings.

The Hungarians interviewed said they were impressed by the friendliness of Nova Scotians. As one gentleman put it, "you will always find someone who will help". We were assured they no longer feel a special need to seek out other Hungarians for friendship.

One Hungarian woman sees it this way . . . "The first year after immigration is miserable. The second year is almost hard to take. By the third year one begins to realize the enormous freedom that Canada has to offer — and so life begins to look much better".

Sources:
— five interviews in Yarmouth, Barrington Passage, Truro and New Waterford
— *Encyclopaedia Canadiana*, "People of Hungarian Origin"
— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

". . . a little bit of the 'roots' idea"

by first-generation Hungarian
Stephen Czapalay, Barrington

I was born in Springhill, Nova Scotia. My father first came over when he was 19. That would be 1920, just after the war, 1919. He came over here and worked and when things started to go bad, in terms of the depression, he took his savings, packed it up and decided to go back to Hungary for a visit.

He was single at the time, but during that trip, he met my mother and, in the year, he courted her, got married and came back to Canada for a honeymoon and never went back again.

Things were very bad in Hungary. They had a Fascist form of government, and he had his own ideas of what freedom was. He'd heard about Canada, the kind of country it was and that was the reason for coming.

He was a coal miner in Hungary when he was very young. He worked in the coal mines there, but when he came to Canada, he didn't locate himself in Springhill right away. From what I gather, he got a job somewhere up in Quebec, I think on the Shawinigan power plant. Then he went back to coal mining. He came back to Minto, New Brunswick (I think there was a coal mine up there), then he came back towards Nova Scotia and settled in Springhill.

Neither of my parents spoke English. My father spoke Hungarian, German and French, so he spoke languages that were very close in origins. He seemed to have a knack for languages.

My mother spoke only Hungarian, to my knowledge, and a little bit of German and to this day she has a pretty rugged accent speaking English. She speaks English well enough to be understood although I think she found it quite difficult to make the transition.

I think a group of Hungarians came with my father. I remember his talking about it and I remember when I was a child, he used to take me visiting around with his friends. There were a number of Hungarian families in Springhill.

They were treated very well, until war broke out, the Second World War. That's when the hardships were brought to bear. I remember it going to school. I was born in '34, so if I remember things like that now, they must have been bad. I was six years old. From six to ten a lot of suffering took place.

There was a lot of name-calling, that you were "Nazi". Things like, "What's your father doing here, taking work from us?" , even though he had worked in Springhill from 1920 onwards, with exception of the year or so that he took off to Hungary.

I remember some agonies myself, because parents must have been talking about it at home and kids are very quick to pick it up. I look back at it now and think those kids didn't think that up on their own. It was talk at home. Ten kids chased me home, calling me "Nazi". I wasn't much of a fighter but I soon learned. Once I became quite aggressive they backed off, so I had to learn how to fight, had to change my whole personality.

Fortunately, my father was a very strong man. He wasn't intimidated. He was certainly disillusioned, because people he thought were his friends weren't at all.

I found that out myself. I had a lot of eye surgery. People who you thought were your friends suddenly vanished, because all of a sudden you were in a lot of trouble. This is what my father found out. A hard blow for him, I think. He wasn't an extroverted man. He didn't have much education but I consider him very intelligent. He was concerned about world affairs. One of the things that he drilled into my head is you should take the government of Canada very seriously. Don't neglect such things as elections. It is your right to vote. In Hungary, guardsmen came and got us and took us to vote and told us where to vote, then they took us back again. He said it's a privilege in this country. Things like that were drilled into my head. You pass this on to your children and then you see how people around you react to elections. "Oh, I'm not going to vote. There is nobody to vote for." They don't seem to realize that it's something very important.

We take it for granted. I think we all do, certainly in terms of government and elections. He'd be as sick as anything, but he'd call a taxi and go and vote.

He regarded this country highly. To him it was another way of life completely and he recognized its faults, too. Because Hungary was an old country which had been in existence for thousands of years, there were a lot of cultural things that he became used to such as ballet and concerts. Even the poorest of people could go to them. They would charge from five cents to five dollars. He missed such things but he saw Canada as having such tremendous potential.

My children think of themselves as Canadian, not Hungarian. This is their heritage. I'd like to take them to Hungary and show them where my father was born, a little bit of the "Roots" idea. There is a little village in Hungary called Hereg. There's a statue in the church yard. It's interesting because when you go to the church yard, if you shut your eyes, you can go back in time. Nothing has changed! The houses are still mud-stuccoed type thing, some with thatched roofs and some with mud floors and that's not a warm country.

At night, 1,000 sheep come into the village; they are brought by sheep-herders. I've got a photograph of this. My car was sitting in the street and all of a sudden we were surrounded by sheep. Just taken back in time. Anyway, in that church yard, there is a statue. On it, there are, I think, at least three Czapalays (Capolai in Hungarian) who were older brothers, that were killed in World War One. Actually the family over there has died out. We had a brother in France, but I lost track of him. I don't know where he is.

A lot of people got dumped in Montreal after the revolution in 1956. That's another reason for updating my language. These people that came over, from the revolution, couldn't speak English and they ended up in different places. They found out I spoke the language and I was called in a few times as interpreter.

They were scared. They didn't know what was going to happen to them. Also, they were disillusioned because some of them were the more useless types in the old country. They were an aristocratic class which never had to work for anything. I remember getting a call one night, from a well-to-do family in the Hudson area, off the island of Montreal. "Would you come up and speak to the people that are working for me?", and I said I would. I spent an hour with these people and all they could tell me about was that in Hungary they didn't have to work. They had maids and servants and in Canada they expect us to be the maids and the butlers. Maybe if you start that way you can work up and then you can have maids and butlers.

It seems that in Canada the experience with prejudice is very vivid and often leaves long lasting scars. I remember my father saying things like, "It turns out in life that if you have as many friends as you have fingers on your hand, you're probably a lucky person!"

Irish

Country of Origin

Ireland is a large island lying to the west of England. It supports a population of nearly five million on what has been traditionally an agricultural economy. The struggle for English domination of this essentially Catholic and Gaelic speaking country caused centuries of conflict and upheaval, and finally resulted in the partition of Ireland in 1921. Much of the northern province of Ulster, heavily populated by the descendants of Scottish and English "planters", remained part of Great Britain with its own separate parliament, while the remainder of Ireland became an independent republic. The present conflict in Ulster is the legacy of that unhappy history. Largely English-speaking, the government of the Republic encourages language and culture of the Gaelic heritage. Entry into the European Common Market has both revitalized Ireland's agricultural economy and introduced many new industries. Dublin, the Republic's capital, is Ireland's largest industrial centre. Belfast is also an important industrial city, known for ship building and the manufacture of airplanes.

To Nova Scotia

The Irish have been in Nova Scotia as settlers since the 18th century and have been arriving in scattered numbers since then. One of the first documented arrivals, the ship "Hopeful", brought 200-300 Irish on October 9, 1761 to Halifax to escape oppression (mainly religious persecution).

Irish immigrants have established themselves well here. An ethnic breakdown for Nova Scotia shows that in 1961, 13 percent of the population was of Irish descent.

In years gone by, the Irish emigrated generally to avoid or escape religious and economic persecution in Ireland. Of late, reasons have varied. Many immigrants were transferred by their companies or offered attractive positions by Canadian companies. Some families left Ireland, fearing that a continuing climate of civil strife would have an adverse effect upon their children.

The Irish whom we met in Nova Scotia spoke of Ireland with great affection. The way of life in Canada, particularly in Nova Scotia, is warm and easy-going according to one Irish lady. They also comment on the intense community interest they experienced here.

One family, in their nine years in Canada, have lived in various cities in Ontario and have visited other provinces. They are now settled in a small community in Nova Scotia and have every intention of remaining, saying that they consider it to be the "real" Canada.

We are told that "everyone loves an Irishman" and the people who came from Ireland to live here in Nova Scotia seem to have enjoyed a reputation in keeping with this old adage. The popularity of the Irish has much to do with the strong tradition of story-telling and song-singing, the greatest loves of the Irish, which they bring with them. Ireland has one of the oldest and strongest oral traditions in the world, and for centuries every community had its "seanchai" or chief story-teller, who knew and passed on legends at community gatherings for story and song. Most Irish people prove to have a "party piece", a skit or story or song, which they will perform impromptu at a party with the appropriate persuasion. Individual participation is the hallmark of Irish entertainment.

Although happily without many problems of discrimination here, there are other disturbing factors. Some Irish immigrants see evidence of attempts by a very small number of newcomers to carry over from Ireland the tensions and troubles that have plagued that country for so long. The Irish with whom we spoke are extremely upset to see this transfer occur and they try to avoid confrontations of that nature.

Some Irish traditions are similar to those of England. There are, however, different ways of celebrating the same holidays. For instance, some Irish in Nova Scotia retain Irish Christmas customs. In Ireland, Christmas is very much a family time, with a special breakfast of potato bread and pancakes. In Canada, some Irish families have open house the whole day and also on New Year's Eve. Easter is more particularly a religious occasion and Lent is observed strictly by the Irish here and in Ireland.

St. Patrick's Day, March 17, is a great day for the Irish. Even here, in what is often the midst of winter, an Irishman insists on going outside to force his spade through the ice and to turn "a wee bit of sod". This is done to the great bewilderment of Canadian neighbours and, for that, becomes all the more fun. And, of course, "the wearin' o' the green" must be observed with a bit of shamrock in the lapel.

First-generation Irish immigrants interviewed consider themselves to be Irish-Canadians and proudly so. The children of these immigrants often express less feeling for their heritage but the parents make a special effort to maintain within the family a sense of the past.

Some Irish immigrants interviewed have never returned to Ireland but many have relatives who come to visit them here in Nova Scotia. There seems to be a certain pleasure in showing off the new country. When "the troubles" of Ireland enter conversations, much is shrugged away. Living with street fighting is compared to living beneath a volcano; one grows accustomed to it, they explain.

The stories of the Irish are of a warm-hearted people who came to Canada in poverty, assimilated easily and set a standard of stability for those of their country men who would follow.

With the exception perhaps of the most recent immigrants, the Irish in Nova Scotia today are so well absorbed as to be virtually invisible.

Although most of the original Irish immigrants were from the populous farmer group, it is apparent that most of the Irish in this province have become urban dwellers. There are of course exceptions to every rule and one rural family of Irish descent expressed the desire for "fresh air" and "room to grow" as high on their list of priorities.

Sources:
— interviews in Bridgewater and Halifax
— *Encyclopedia Canadiana*, "People of Irish Origin"
— Family History — The Parkers
— "The Margaree Irish", College of Cape Breton Library
— *Banked Fires, the Ethnics of Nova Scotia*, Douglas F. Campbell, ed. The Scribblers' Press, 1968
— *The Irish in Nova Scotia*, by Lt. L. Stewart
— *The Irish Tradition*, Robin Flower (Oxford, 1947)
— *The Irish*, by Sean O'Faolain (Penguin Books)

"I would call myself Irish-Canadian"

by Irish-born Mr. and Mrs. K. Crofton-Smith, Bridgewater

Comparatively recent arrivals to Canada and particularly Nova Scotia, the Crofton-Smiths speak of their attempts to find jobs here and their observation of the changing times.

"I had a job just three weeks after I came to Canada. I think the accent helped because the very first lawyer I ever worked for put me on the telephones. A number of people commented to my boss that they noticed he had an English girl on the telepone. He thought that was just great, he says, 'Oh, you sound great on the telephone'."

"I believe the greatest migration to Canada and Australia from Ireland was between 1948 and 1959. Then the emigration to Canada slowed down. You had to have so many points then to enter and then they changed it again and again and very recently, one more time. You had to have nine points to get into Canada. You have to have a certain number, a certain degree of education, and a trade. A trade was very necessary, you couldn't go as a 'Johnny can do nothing'. The only thing that I can find wrong with Canada is you take a skilled trade, carpenter, a brick layer, a machinist — they go to Vocational School and they haven't a bloody clue when they come out. Why don't they train them for two solid years on how to be a machinist, how to set up a machine, how to repair it?"

Their arrival in a small Nova Scotia community presented many challenges and this family found many new jobs in this manner of living.

"It's refreshing to change to living in an area where one's people get to recognize you. You're a new face for the first couple of weeks, but once they get to recognize you, 'Oh, hello, how're you doing? Are you settling in? Are you enjoying Bridgewater? How are the children at school?' It's nice that people care that much."

We were Irish, so I think that got us a little in and there is nobody that I have met yet that doesn't have an Irish background somewhere. I think that gives us particular in. I'm not just saying this because we live here, but I find that the people here have a much slower pace and they take time to say hello. You don't say good morning to someone and then have someone look at you as if you've got two heads. They say, 'Oh, hello, how are you? Are you new in Bridgewater and where are you living?' Well, we lived on Queen Street in a very old house that had been occupied by the Darkmans — they had lived there for about seventy years. It had gone from father to son, so this was the first time that the house had ever been sold and we bought it. And so when I said I lived at 35 Queen Street, 'Oh, you live in the old Darkman house', and that immediately was an in."

"At first I thought, why do they keep referring to it as the Darkman house? It's my house, the Smith house. Then I realized this is Lunenburg County. People, no matter where you live, refer to a house as the people who built it. This particular house will always be the Lomas house, whether we live here for the rest of our lives."

The Crofton-Smiths have also brought changes to their new neighbourhoods in the form of customs and traditions.

"This Christmas, we didn't even go to bed. Christmas Eve is a big deal. We always have the house open on Christmas Eve — a few drinks going and Christmas cake and it is just open house to anybody who wants to drop in. We don't go out. And we don't go out Christmas Day. We've always had open house Christmas Eve and Day since we came here. I think it's because we have left our family behind and we were always accustomed to having a big crowd of people Christmas Day. There were always all the children there and the aunts and uncles and grandmothers, a real free-for-all. So we've tried to maintain this; my sons bring their friends in and we have our own friends that come in and we celebrate Christmas Eve and we go to church at midnight. It's good."

"On St. Pat's day, my husband does an awful funny thing, and I think everybody must think he's half crazy. If it's a good day, he goes out and turns over one sod. That's all that he can get his spade into because it's so frozen outside. Turns over one sod and says, 'Happy St. Pat's day' and everybody watches him do it and asks why he does it. I say he has to do it."

A very troubled Ireland is now behind the Crofton-Smiths, but when asked how they felt and how their friends and family feel:

"It's not that bad. I think people get accustomed to the surroundings. Possibly if we took a trip home right now we would find a lot of changes but, living with it every day, the changes come so gradually, you don't notice it. I think that's the reason people remain in Ireland."

As for returning home to old friends and haunts — the desire to do so is undeniably there.

"Oh yes, many many times, I would give anything to go home, but you've got to get your priorities right. First of all, I have a home, I have a husband and I've three children. I just can't get up and go when I feel that I am homesick enough to go. You just cannot do it. At first, I couldn't afford to because we were building up our home again. You just can't get up and walk away from a commitment like that."

At the end of the interview and discussion, there comes the statement of loyalty — of a transition made.

"I would call myself Irish-Canadian, definitely. I feel more Canadian than anything. I spent a good deal of my life here so I consider myself Canadian. I always find that when I enter Canadian houses they always say to me, 'you're Irish', but I am Canadian first of all. It has to be that way because no one wants to hear how great things were in Ireland. You're in Canada, you're a Canadian citizen."

Italian

Country of Origin

Italy is an important country in world history, especially in religion and art. While much of Italian life is steeped in ancient ways, it is also a leader in much that is new and progressive. It is a country of contrasts, reflected both in the terrain and the Italian people. Northern and southern Italy differ greatly, the north being more industrial, the south richer in folklore. It appears that Italians coming to Nova Scotia represent both northern and southern provinces equally. Rome is the capital city.

To Nova Scotia

A colorful segment of our Nova Scotia ethnic makeup, Italian-Canadians are one of the most visible groups. They retain much of their Italian heritage here in Canada. Although Italian immigration can be traced to the early 19th century, there was no great influx until the first of three periods of immigration which began around 1880. The first Italian to come to Canada was John Cabot, who discovered the continent of North America for England. When Sir John A. Macdonald led the country to Confederation, this new era in Canadian history brought a wave of Italian immigration. These people formed part of the unskilled labour force who came to build the great Canadian railroad. The next stage of immigration brought many women whose husbands had made enough money to send for them. This was particularly evident when economic conditions improved at the end of the First World War. Many immigrants came to Nova Scotia to work in the mines. This resulted in a fairly large Italian community in Cape Breton Island and the northern part of the province. Guglielmo Marconi came to Cape Breton at that time. He later sent the first radio signal across the Atlantic from Signal Hill in Newfoundland to England. The final major movement to Canada occurred after the Second World War when their country was in ruin, and unemployment was becoming extremely serious in Italy. At that time conditions in Italy were harsh and Canada's immigration laws were still fairly open.

Conditions in Italy were poor indeed. Although this story is not typical, it does suggest some early hardships. A young Italian-Canadian recalls his own grandmother's early experience:

When his grandmother spoke of her life in the old country, it was when [illegible] was so hard and poor that, on Christmas day of one year, she and her family had to walk barefoot in the country snow and dig in the frozen ground to try and find some of last year's potatoes that might have been left behind! The family, at that time had nothing else to eat and even the youngest children had to go out with their parents to find food. As a young girl, she accompanied her mother into the mountains trying to gather some food with which to feed the children. The weather was so poor and footing on the mountain so precarious that her mother lost her footing and plunged to her death, down the mountain into a ravine below. At the time of her mother's death, she was only about 13 and had already lost her father.

In learning how Italian immigrants were received in this province, one hears various responses depending upon where and when their arrival occurred. Many of them had unpleasant experiences in their fields of employment, previous to the Second World War. Again the question of language was a concern. Since that time, this particular aspect of discrimination has lessened mainly because many Italians are now self-employed and have also become proficient in English.

Fortunately, the life of the Italian community in Nova Scotia is not seriously plagued with strife and many Italians remember being welcomed with great kindness. The strong community spirit formerly found in areas with a high Italian population is now decreasing.

Nova Scotia's Italian people have worked hard in many occupations. They have often been involved in independent business, especially in the construction industry. There are approximately 600 families of Italian descent in Nova Scotia today. Many families who originally settled in Cape Breton towns have since moved to other areas of the province.

Since the early days of their arrival in Canada, the Italians have been forming associations to celebrate special events, honor holidays and keep up the language. But as succeeding generations inter-marry they subsequently lose more of the language. Despite these changes, certain customs are maintained. A great number of these lie within the traditions of the Catholic religion. This is not surprising, considering that ninety-five percent of Italians are of Roman Catholic faith. Many holidays and special occasions are traced back to events within the church's history. Most important to Italians is the day of the patron saint of the town or city in which they were born. The patron saint is generally seen as being the man who brought Christianity to that area of the country. These special days often take precedence even over the national holiday which falls on June 2. The Feast of the Assumption of Mary is another important day, again intimately tied with the church's traditions. It is celebrated on August 15, the day on which most Italians begin their annual vacations.

Italians are family-orientated and even here in the new country few Italian women work outside the home. However, despite their strong familial ties, they still find it difficult to teach the Italian language to their children who have been born here in Canada. Folk songs and dances often offer something more tangible for the younger people to grasp, while funding for classes in popular arts and language training is scant.

There is little fear that Canada will lose the flavour of Italian cooking. Every Indian interviewed has retained certain dishes and methods of cooking, even if the rest of his background is lost. Some Italian dishes, such as spaghetti, and pizza have become popular across the entire country.

Life has not been easy for them and yet one Italian man summed it all up by saying that he felt Canada had given him a great deal and that he had an equal amount to offer his new country. He is proud to be Italian-Canadian.

Sources:

— three interviews, taped in Halifax and Dominion, Nova Scotia
— *Encyclopaedia Canadiana*, "People of Italian Origin"

"I started to cry"

by Italian-born Condo Baggio, Dominion

I arrived here in 1920, 25th of September. There was no more work in the old country and I felt I could make a better life in this new country. Three days after I arrived in Quebec, on the 28th of September, I started to work in the mine. I was young. I had my 17th birthday a month after I set foot here.

I was supposed to go to Ontario as I had relatives there. But right away, they called me and told me I should go to Nova Scotia because I had relatives there also. I had to find myself a sponsor because I was under age, and someone else had to be responsible for me.

I found it tough getting from Quebec to Truro because we had no language and there weren't many to help. We arrived in Sydney on a Sunday morning and they put us on a special train, two cars, and took us all to New Waterford.

When I arrived in New Waterford, everybody had their own relations waiting for them. Another fellow and I had no one. Someone asked if we had any place to go. No, we didn't know anybody. He asked us over to his place, and over there, we saw the old man and the old lady. They asked where I was from, and I told them. They told me the name of their town and other details. You feel like at home, then. She asked if I had a cousin and I told her his name. She said, "Your cousin left about 15 minutes ago, but he's going to come back." About half an hour later, he came back. I started to cry. It was all right then.

You talk about the mines and how could I spend all my working life down there. I know I can do nothing else. I mean, I have no trade. I just like the pit. Lots of time it used to tire me. "Why don't you slow down, or stop going?" they'd say, but what could you do?

I worked in the mines for 48 years, from 1920 to 1968. I mined coal for 20 years and for 28 years I worked all stonework. We used to take home 30 to 35 dollars a week. That's just like a hundred dollars is today. You'd never get rich working in the mines anyway. I believe it's better now, than it was then.

The danger? Well, it is like living under a volcano. You know that last big accident in the mine? Well, my son was there. He was not in the mine, but he was ready to go down when it did happen. They say, going down the road you could get in a car accident. I never think of that! Men get upset when anything like this happens; when they have to go back to work, they are all upset. Then they forget. It was the cage that takes you up and down from the mine that used to get me. I walked up and down that cage for 48 years and all the time I used to hate it. I never got used to it.

Japanese

Country of Origin

Japan, the most highly industrialized country in the Far East, is composed of four main islands and hundreds of smaller ones. Only one-sixth of the land is arable and this is occupied totally by rice fields. Elsewhere, a bustling economy has evolved through the development of highly modernized industry. Remarkably, Japan has preserved much of its forest cover and has more than 20 national parks containing waterfalls, shorelines and mountains. Tokyo is the capital. Yokohama and Kobe are major port cities.

To Nova Scotia

A group of transient Japanese arrived in Nova Scotia during the early 1960s. It appears that the first family arrived in 1964, to undertake research in Nova Scotia's fishing industry. The Japanese consulate in Montreal estimates there are now approximately 70 people of Japanese origin living in Nova Scotia.

Here their lifestyle differs somewhat from life in Japan, mainly because they have to gear themselves toward Western society. Older Japanese people attempt to maintain a traditional lifestyle, but the young are becoming more Westernized, especially in their choice of dress, music and food. However, the Japanese family unit (consisting of grandparents, parents and children) is still closely knit.

Japanese men find it relatively easy to adjust to life in Nova Scotia because they have regular contact with people outside their homes. They learn the English language and way of life much faster through their work, in trading and the fishing industry. Japanese women find it more difficult to adjust since they usually remain at home. Their lack of exposure to the English language is a great handicap.

There are defined roles for Japanese men and women, even during leisure time. The men play two games: Igo, a game for two people, similar to checkers but somewhat more complicated and *Marjan*, a game for four people. The Japanese women prefer to relax with sewing and other needle crafts.

The Japanese of Nova Scotia find it hard to maintain their culture, especially the language. The elders speak the language at home; however, it is common for Japanese children to understand a conversation but to speak in English themselves. Several written languages are used by the Japanese: (1) *Kanji*, written in Chinese symbols; (2) *Hiragana*, the written language used most commonly (everything can be written in *Hiragana* but its translated meaning is symbolized by use of the *Kanji* style; (3) *Katakana* is from Kanji and is used in translating foreign words.

As use of the language slowly disappears among the younger generation, so, too, goes the traditional cuisine. Japanese dishes are seldom prepared any longer. The diet consists almost entirely of Canadian foods. However, on occasion, special foods are flown in from Montreal, Toronto or Japan and cooked in the traditional style.

A Japanese restaurant, opened in Halifax in 1978, provides an authentic atmosphere for eating and dining. The brightly coloured kimonos worn by the waitresses add an extra accent to the dining environment. This dress-like apparel, tied at the waist by a sash called the *obi*, is complemented by socks known as *tabi* and shoes or sandals called *zori*. Background music is, of course, Japanese. It provides a blending of sound, unique and unfamiliar to Western ears. The typical music instruments are the *shamisen*, a three-string instrument and the *koto* which has 12 strings.

The Japanese have lost some of their original culture since arrival in Nova Scotia, but in some ways still live like their forebears. Religious observances are generally restricted to private homes since neither Shinto nor Buddhist temples can be found in Nova Scotia (Shintoism and Buddhism being the two main religions of Japan). Japanese New Year, celebrated on January 1, resembles Western Christmas celebrations. Mid-August is the (Buddhist) festival, a time when departed ancestors are honoured with lighted lanterns. At home, certain days are celebrated in recognition of their children. *Hina-matsuri* (dolls festival) is held during March in recognition of the girl children. *Tango-no-sekku*, (boy's day) is celebrated on May 5. Traditional Japanese dishes are prepared on these special days.

Sources:
— two taped interviews in Halifax
— four interviews (not taped) in Halifax
— a telephone interview with the Japanese Consul in Montreal
— *Rikka*, Spring 1977, Vol. 4, No. 1

Meet Dr. Saito

Probably the best known person of Japanese origin living in Nova Scotia is Dr. Arkey Saito. We would like to present him to readers.

Born in Darnie, Manchuria in 1920, he was educated in Japan. A graduate of the Imperial University of Kyoto, he served as technical officer and captain in the Imperial Navy.

Following the Second World War, he was a chemical engineer at two pharmaceutical companies and educator with the National University of Education at Osaks. He did consultant work for a number of chemical industries in Japan.

In 1954, he became an exchange professor to the United States. He worked at Rutgers University, the Worcester Foundation (near Boston), and became chief chemist at Mount Sinai Hospital, New York.

He immigrated to Canada in 1963, going first to McGill University, then the Fisheries Research Board of the Federal Government.

In Halifax, Dr. Saito became Vice President of Mercator Enterprises Limited, President of the Japan-Canadian Trading Service Limited and Applied Marine Research Limited. Dr. Saito is active as an international technology consultant and served various countries as an advisor for FAO/United Nations, CESO (Canadian Executive Service Overseas), CIDA, (Canadian International Development Agency). He has been president of the Japanese Association in Nova Scotia since 1975 and he is the founder of the Japan Culture Information Centre located at the International Education Centre, Saint Mary's University.

Now a Canadian citizen, he takes pleasure in sharing with Nova Scotians his knowledge of the ancient culture of Japan.

Jewish

Country of Origin

Most Jews now living in Nova Scotia are first, second or third generation Canadians with their origins lying within the countries of Central and Eastern Europe. European Jews fled their countries of birth seeking escape from pogroms (organized massacres) and religious persecution. North America offered these people the opportunity to live a life free of the horrors of the old country.

To Nova Scotia

The earliest Jewish immigrants to arrive in Nova Scotia came to Halifax from England via Rhode Island in 1751. These early settlers became importers of British manufactured goods and exporters of Canadian products to England and the British West Indies.

Halifax was a town of 2,000 in 1752 and by that time, thirty of these citizens were of the Jewish faith. In 1791, Samuel Hart, a Jewish man who had established himself with his mercantile business, took the Liverpool riding in a Halifax election. This event marked the first time a person of Jewish extraction was elected to serve in a British North American legislative body.

Nova Scotia has received a fluctuating but continual flow of Jewish immigrants since the mid 18th century. One particularly large influx of European Jewery occurred between 1882 and 1914 when renewed pogroms in Russia and growing anti-Semitism in Europe forced them to leave their homelands. The tiny Jewish community that was established in Halifax at that time rallied together to help the unfortunate people who poured off the boats in great numbers. In the early 1890s, the Jewish community here in Halifax had dwindled to a very small number. Nevertheless, a charter was obtained in 1891 for the Baron de Hirsh Benevolent Society and by 1894, key members of the community managed to buy the Chalmers Baptist Church on the corner of Herd and Starr Streets. The year 1895 saw the dedication of the Baron de Hirsh Synagogue and on that very day the wedding of Harry Blude and Sara Cohen was celebrated. The founding officers of the congregation were: D. Bensen as President, Isaac Dresner as Secretary and Solomon Glube as Treasurer.

The Jews in Nova Scotia learned to adjust to their new home far away from strife-torn countries of their birth. The families left behind were soon to face more misery and the drive to aid Jews caught in Germany increased in its fervour.

During the years from 1921 to 1939, the number of Jewish immigrants arriving in Nova Scotia again reached a high as the terror of Hitler's regime and the ensuing Holocaust again forced the Jews from their homes.

In the years following the wars, the hysteria perpetuated by those conflicts died down and a foreign sounding name no longer meant blatant discrimination. Nova Scotia became a reasonable place to live for most Jews.

From the day of the first Jewish immigration, the people who arrived in this province have remained close to their religion as a reliable source of strength remaining in their lives.

As hard a choice as it must have been, many of the old world customs, language, dress and occupations had to be left by the wayside, but a strong grip on religion stayed in the hearts of the Jewish people.

Maritime Jews have discarded only that which classed them as different from their fellow Jews, as demonstrated by statements like, "I have retained my Jewish customs and traditions but the Romanian part of me left very soon after I had arrived in Canada". This factor and the unifying effects of Zionism have resulted in the Canadian or Maritime Jew — one who has blended the richness of traditions of both worlds.

The major Jewish communities in Nova Scotia are located in Halifax and Cape Breton with other Jewish families scattered throughout the province in Yarmouth, Truro, New Glasgow and Antigonish.

Today, in Nova Scotia, two synagogues are located in Halifax, one in Sydney, one in Glace Bay, one in Whitney Pier, and one in Yarmouth. Both male and female members of the community are concerned with the religious functions of the synagogues. Women of the congregations form many organizations and sisterhoods to tend to everything from fund raising, to helping those that need it, such as Vietnamese refugees.

Our discussion with older members of the community offered interesting stories and insights from past years. It is a sad observation that virtually every immigrant who sought a new life in this country left the old country under conditions fraught with fear and trepidation. Religious compartmentalization and prejudice of fellow citizens were a fact of life that became too much to tolerate.

When they originally arrived in Nova Scotia, many Jewish men became pedlars to support their families and worked their way up, often into independent businesses. Today, Jewish people in this province are involved in every facet of the business and educational world.

The driving force behind these immigrants of Jewish origin was education, which was seen as a key to a decent life. In some rural communities, Jewish families find it very difficult to obtain "Kosher" products. "Kosher" is a term used to describe the dietary rules followed by many Jewish families in accordance with the religion. Whether or not it is possible to eat "Kosher", most Jews still keep the dairy and meat products separate and worship their God in a manner that has kept the Jews strong in faith through great trials. The religious holidays of the Jewish religion are outlined within the attached calendar section.

Impossible as it may be to comprehend the enormity of the horror experienced by some of these immigrants, an attempt must be made to see that it never happens again. Special groups are established to deal with discriminatory incidents and practices in the province.

There are different reactions to the problems that the Jews face here, but regardless of varying views, there is the "new Jewish spirit" which proclaims a real pride in being a Jew.

Approximately 3,000 Jewish people live in Nova Scotia today. Many of these citizens have made extremely valuable contributions to the province. Jewish communities are conscious of the need for participation and are active in the human rights field.

(Courtesy of the Atlantic Jewish Council)

"I didn't know a word of English . . ."

Interview with David Epstein, Sydney

I was born in 1890 in Russian Poland and I came here March 17, 1907. I was a boy, 15 years of age, and conditions in Russian Poland weren't very good under the Czar. There was no freedom of speech and you couldn't get around. I was nearly 15 years of age and I decided to get out of there.

So I came to Sydney, to my uncle and aunt who were living at the Pier. His name was Morris Luchansky. I came to their place and they had already established a store near the Pier. There weren't many Jewish people, about 10 or 12 families in Sydney at that time. I didn't know a word of English and didn't have a penny in my pocket. I wanted to learn to speak English, but there weren't too many speaking English. So, they decided to send me, with a pack, peddling all over Victoria County, over the Cabot Trail. The pack was about 125 pounds; 50 pounds in the front and 75 pounds in the back. I would begin there for a few weeks, until I got away to Antigonish.

That was my first step. From May to Christmas, I was in Antigonish, Neil's Harbour, Cape North; all this was walking, taking a boat from one place to another! I was selling notions, things like soap, towels, combs, and even ladies' wrappers, ladies' dresses, cotton dresses, house dresses. Well, I didn't make much of a success because I didn't like it. But, I did learn the language and got accustomed to life there, because the people were wonderful to me. I got back for Christmas, after spending all this time in the country, peddling and behind yet. I was $200 behind because I didn't care for it!

I decided to change. I had another uncle named Sherman and he also had a store. He asked me to work for him and he gave me $2.50 a week. I worked from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m. to midnight, every day for six days a week. Then my other uncle said that I wasn't getting enough, so he came over and he said, "You come to me; I would like you to work for me." So, I came and he gave me $2.75 a week.

When I came here there were all kinds of foreigners, Europeans, Italian, all kinds of people. I worked for Luchansky for a year and a half in the store and I took to it like a duck to water. I made a success. I decided I had become quite a salesman and the boss said how good I was. So I was working for $2.75 a week until a fellow comes along and says to me, "I've got a store on Charles Street that makes bond", and he gave me $15 a week . . . $15 is quite a difference! They didn't do the business on us, used to have payday every two weeks.

Luchansky had one daughter, my first cousin. I used to take her out, even when I first came here and she was 14 years old. I used to take her out; we used to go together as kids. Her name was Celia Luchansky. She is now my wife. Her father and my father were brothers. She came and sent me a message: "How come you are working over Christmas?" That was about 1908. Her father had sold me the business and moved to Montreal in May. Celia and I took over the store for him. She was already in love with me at 14-15 years old. Then war broke out in 1914 and I carried on with the store. We were married on March 14, 1918.

For three years, we didn't have any children. Then they brought in 250 Jewish orphans from the Ukraine to Canada. The Jewish Organization of Canada brought them. I took one of the boys, who was five years old and I loved him. A year later, our own son was born. In 1922, our own son was born and in 1921, we had adopted our other boy.

Some views and thoughts

from members of the
Nova Scotia Jewish Community

One person from a small community in Nova Scotia recalls his years in a German concentration camp:

"I spent 36 months in a concentration camp — three long years. My wife, she was in for six months. I was in a work camp but my wife's camp was for extermination. In that camp alone about 3,000 people died.

In the work camp, the killing was not direct. It was slow killing — not like the gas chambers. They made us work as long as we could and planned to kill us when they no longer had use for us. They didn't have time when the war ended because they had to save their own lives and in the rush they forgot us. Only about 600 of us were left. I was only 21 years old when they took me away to the camp."

In this, his adopted country, he speaks about how he has been treated:

"Prejudice? Honestly, I don't know! I couldn't say! Maybe just a sly word here and there. Sometimes little children watch if they know we are Jews. But it was the same in my old country too. Everyone had a nickname as a Jew. He was the "bad Jew", he was the "short one" and so on. They don't hurt me, you know. They never bother me anymore. They call everyone a name here! They call the Frenchmen a name here! But what is most important? Number one is freedom! When I came here, I couldn't believe it! I can do what I want and nobody asks me, "What are you doing?", "What do you want to do?" or "Why are you doing this?" The freedom is really great! You're a free man. You can do what you want and you can go where you want to go."

We spoke with one man who gave examples of what has happened and continues to happen to Jews.

"I remember clearly when my little girl came

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home crying because she and a young Christian friend had gone to a private club in Halifax and had been refused entrance. The Christian child was told that she could not take my little girl in with her."

"We explained to her that there were places that her mother and father know better than to go because we are not welcome everywhere. Although on the surface they might make it look all right, inwardly we know differently. Even today, there are places I won't go. There are clubs that I would say have token membership just to say, 'colour of skin and faith have nothing to do with'. But I do feel there is an improvement over and above what there was!"

"Because certain things exist and make it more difficult for Jewish people, it means that in order to get a position, you not only have to be as qualified as your opposition, you have to be twice as qualified. Therefore, it means you have to work harder at it."

When recalling his feelings as a child, he mentioned the importance of familial ties:

"In those days the idea of keeping a family together seemed to be the most important thing. Next was education. Parents who came from the old country had one main ambition. That was to educate their children for a profession so that they wouldn't have to fall into the same thing as their parents had — that their livelihood would be a little bit easier for them."

"Jews have never been citizens of any country. They've never really had citizenship or been awarded citizenship, or been under the protection of any government. Jews, historically, have never had the protection of the government, just permission to live in the country. When times have become bad, the Jews are the ones who have to pay the price."

The result of events like the Holocaust?

"For many Jews, it was a loss of spirit. They may not have died a physical death, but a spiritual death had taken place. Jews felt that to be Jewish was to attract attention to oneself. Jews have to feel okay about being Jewish."

To express the deep empathy felt by Jews for fellow Jews, this gentleman said:

"What non-Jewish people don't seem to realize is that when an attack is made on the state of Israel, an attack is made on every Jewish person. When any Jew in the world is attacked because he is a Jew, that is an attack upon all Jews, upon all Jewish institutions."

Through pain and suffering, something has kept them strong in faith and purpose. This strength is reflected in the use of the Yiddish tongue.

"No matter where you go in the world, you will find Jews speaking Yiddish. Yiddish is usually considered to be one of the most expressive languages in the world by linguistic experts. It is certainly the most warm and human language in the world. There really isn't a way to insult anybody in this language. Even the profane language is warm! If someone told you to go stick your head in a pile of sand, it would sound beautiful, almost poetic, because of the innuendoes in Yiddish.

Latvian

Country of Origin

A European country, Latvia is situated on the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea. The closest neighbours are: Lithuania and Poland to the South, Estonia to the north and Russia to the west. Latvia is comparable to Nova Scotia in both size and population. Archaeologists have proven that Latvians inhabited their territory as long as 2,000 years ago. Riga is the capital city and Liepaja a principal town.

To Nova Scotia

The first Latvian immigrants arrived in Canada in 1905 and settled in Winnipeg, Manitoba. This wave of immigrants settled in Canada after an unsuccessful uprising against the Russians. The second wave of immigrants followed in 1914. At the end of the Second World War, approximately 150,000 Latvians fled from their country, 30,000 of whom came to Canada. Of these, approximately 1,500 landed in Halifax but only 100 families actually settled here. These people were mainly highly qualified scientists and artists. Today, there are only 30 Latvian families in Nova Scotia. Nevertheless, their contribution to the arts and sciences is considerable. For instance, the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, formerly known as the Halifax Symphonette and later as the Halifax Symphony Orchestra, was founded by Alfred Strombergs in 1952. Mariss Verta and Teodor Brilts, both former soloists of the Latvian National Opera, started the Nova Scotia Opera Association. The first professional ballet teachers in Halifax metro area were Yuris Gotshalks and Irene Apinis. When they joined the National Ballet Company in Toronto, the prima ballerina of the Latvian National Ballet Company, Mirdza Grikis, better known here as Madame Dambergs, developed and established the tradition of classical ballet here in Nova Scotia.

Latvians in Nova Scotia are active in many other fields. Some are university professors, doctors, dentists, army officers, architects and researchers in marine science. One man farms in the Antigonish area.

The Latvian language is one of the closest to Sanskrit. It belongs to the Indo-European group of languages. Latvian folklore is extremely rich in songs and legends. Approximately 36,000 original songs have been collected. They are often sung, accompanied by horn, bagpipes, flute and drum or the kokle (an instrument similar to the sitar).

On the eve of St. John's Day, June 22, midsummer celebrations take place. The most cherished Latvian songs (daines) are heard then and sumptuous meals of special St. John's cheese and honey ale are served. At New Year's, Latvians eat fish and dry peas with a sprinkling of bacon and salt. Peas symbolize the eating away of all one's tears and sorrows. Scales from the fish are saved and placed in purses so that the carrier will have an equivalent amount of money the same time next year!

Some festivals are a very important part of Latvian tradition. They are so detailed and fabulous, that four years of preparation could be required to produce one week of performance.

Latvians in Nova Scotia set aside November 18 to celebrate the proclamation of Latvia's independence in 1918.

Many of us are unaware of the struggles experienced by Latvians who have come to Nova Scotia. Although their numbers are small, the Latvians have made a significant contribution to the province. What Latvia has lost in the departure of these people, Nova Scotia has gained.

Sources:
— One interview in Halifax
— One interview in Dartmouth
— *The Canadian Family Tree*, Canadian Citizenship Branch, The Department of the Secretary of State

The Teacher

Account of a Latvian ballerina
Mirdza Grikis, Halifax

Prima ballerina of the Latvian National Opera, Mme. Dambergs, as she is known to Haligonians, has a long record of achievement. At the age of 19, the young Mirdza won her first prize in an international dance competition in Vienna. After having completed the full course, first of modern rhythmic dancing, then of classic ballet under the direction of the famous prima ballerina and teacher Alexandra Feodorova and Anatol Vilzak, now with San Francisco Ballet School, Mirdza Grikis rapidly ascended to leading roles and soon topped the great Latvian Ballet Company of 100 dancers. She has worked with Mr M. Pianovsky, former ballet master of the Anna Pavlova Ballet Company.

As prima ballerina she has performed leading roles in more than 20 great ballets. The title role of "Esmeralda" alone, she performed 75 times, a record rarely to be found in the annals of ballet. Having received government scholarships, she completed her studies in classic ballet, choreography and folkloric dancing in Berlin with Victor Gzovski, in London with Nicholas and Nadina Legat, in Paris with Spanish dancers Dolores Moreno and the world celebrated Olga Preobrajenska and Lubova Egorava. While touring with the National Latvian Ballet, Mme. Dambergs has performed in most European capitals.

The Cross of Merit, awarded by the Latvian Government, shows the esteem with which she is recognized.

Married to a scientist and the mother of three children, Mme. Dambergs came to Halifax from Paris in 1954. Since then, she has had numerous, most successful performances with local pupils, in which Maritime ballet experts have unanimously acclaimed her unlimited knowledge of the various forms of dancing and her outstanding skill as teacher and performer.

Lebanese

Country of Origin

Situated along the eastern Mediterranean, the small country of Lebanon has a history of seafaring and trade dating back to Phoenician days. Its terrain varies from snow-capped mountains in the north, to coastal fruit plantations, to semi-desert in the area bordering Syria. The cedars of Lebanon, once used to build King Solomon's temple and the Pharaohs' funeral boats, are internationally renowned. Beirut is the capital, and Tripoli, the second largest city.

To Nova Scotia

The exact arrival date of the first Lebanese in Nova Scotia is unknown, but we know that they began arriving toward the end of the 19th century. In the early days, many of these hardy souls walked great distances, selling a variety of wares ranging from clothing to household goods. From Halifax, they went as far as Sheet Harbour, Chester, or Bridgewater, sometimes taking weeks or months before returning home. They provided "mobile stores" prior to the age of cars and supermarkets. Later, they opened grocery stores and clothing shops throughout the province. A few worked in the Cape Breton coal mines. In 1949, a new wave of emigration to Nova Scotia took place, at a time of intensified political unrest in Lebanon.

The Lebanese came to find new opportunities for themselves and their families. Often they wanted to escape political strife and instability in their homeland. Lebanese-Canadians make it clear that it was not lack of affection for their beautiful country that brought them here. Love for their homeland continues, but its small size and internal strife induced them to look for settlement elsewhere.

In many Lebanese homes here, a Lebanese dialect of Arabic is spoken. Classical Arabic, the written language, is the same in all Arabic countries, but the spoken languages or dialects vary from one country to another. In Lebanon, the language is a mixture of Arabic, Aramaic and Syrian. A special school, opened in Halifax in 1979, teaches Lebanese children the language of their forefathers. Reading and writing classes are held once a week for two hours. Four teachers instruct 80 students. Many people of Lebanese extraction subscribe to newspapers and periodicals published in Lebanon and other areas of the Middle East.

Music and cuisine are also maintained as is their language. In Lebanese homes, one can find records or tapes of music featuring such instruments as the *tabea* (drum) and *oud* (a stringed instrument). Foods like grape-leaf rolls, kibbe, yogurt and hummus bi tahini (chick peas with sesame) are customary fare. Arabic or Lebanese bread and fancy pastries are found in many stores today. Lebanese bakeries opened in Halifax and Dartmouth during the 1970s and their delicious bread is shipped all over the Maritimes.

There are approximately 5,000 Lebanese people living in Nova Scotia. Of these, an estimated 75 percent own their own businesses. Self-employed, they often own bakeries and stores that sell groceries, clothing or furniture. Many are professionals in the fields of engineering, dentistry, medicine, law, education and city development. Energetic people, they are willing to make the best of new opportunities in their adopted country.

In 1939, the Canadian Lebanon Society of Halifax-Dartmouth was established by Edward Arab, a prominent lawyer who was killed during the Second World War. This active Society organizes gala social evenings where singers and dancers from Lebanon provide entertainment for 300 to 400 people of all ages. Another organization, the Diman Association of Canada, provides social gatherings for children and organized the Arabic school now operating in the city of Halifax. A third association, especially for university students, operates in the Halifax metro area as well. Each association organizes functions open both to Lebanese Canadians and to others interested in learning more about their rich culture.

The principal event of significance in the Lebanese community is Lebanon Independence Day, celebrated on November 23. Government members and other leading citizens are invited to participate in the festivities on this important day.

A weekly Lebanese radio program started in 1964, carries news, commentaries and stories on a Halifax radio station. Today, a similar half-hour program called "Journey into Lebanon", is broadcast weekly in the Halifax metro area and in several small towns throughout the province.

A closely-knit people, the Lebanese keep in constant touch with one another and often visit their native country. Family ties are strong and consequently children grow up knowing their relatives.

An active Lebanese consulate was established in Halifax in 1972. The honorary consul general, George Arab, represents Lebanon in all activities concerning the Lebanese in Nova Scotia. Visas are issued by the consulate and people with properties or other assets in Lebanon, wishing to have someone act on their behalf, come to the consultate to arrange for power of attorney.

What do the Lebanese miss in Nova Scotia? "Good weather" is at the top of the list. They also miss the intimate social life commonly shared among citizens in their country. Lebanese in Nova Scotia have had to establish their own social life. Those who live in larger centres note this difference more than people living in smaller communities.

Since the early days of their arrival, Lebanese people have integrated quickly into the life of this province. Differences of language and lifestyle have been reconciled and still the Lebanese maintain their cultural uniqueness.

Sources:

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— *Banked Fires — The Ethnics of Nova Scotia*, Douglas F. Campbell, The Scribblers' Press, 1978

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— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

— Notes taken during a gathering of the Canadian Lebanon Society, of Halifax-Dartmouth, data 1979

— *A Culinary Voyage to Lebanon* by Professor Nancy Jabbra

"It left a nice impression on me"

Interview with Lebanese-born
George Abbass, Sydney

I arrived in Sydney on April 12, 1925. I was 15, going on 16.

We left Beirut by ship to Marseilles, France. We were in Marseilles for seven days, and then we went to Sherbrooke, Quebec.

As soon as we arrived at Sherbrooke, there was a boat waiting and we landed at Saint John, New Brunswick. The trip took nine days from Sherbrooke to Saint John. From Saint John, New Brunswick to Sydney, naturally we travelled by rail.

I had three brothers in Sydney, and my brother Leo sent for me. He sent me papers, and he had to guarantee the government that he had sent for me, because I came as a minor. To guarantee the government, I do not know how much money he gave. I think he put in a couple hundred dollars, so that he would send me to school for two years. But instead, I stayed for six years! I got along all right.

My brothers were Isaac, Leo and Jobe, and their families are still here. Most of their families are photographers . . . that's Jobe's children. Tommy and Johnny (Johnny Libbus) are Leo's children. Louis Abbass, the taxi man, is Isaac's son.

I came from Merjayoun. When my father came here in 1902, they called him "Big Tom" around the countryside. He came here a second time, when my brother sent for him in 1936, but he only stayed three years and went back again.

Learning English? I didn't find it too difficult because I lived with my brother, and it was just like living at home. They spoke Arabic, so my only problem was when I went to school. I don't know how long it took me . . . I remember the first days.

What stuck in my memory about English was, "Where are you going?" That's the only phrase I remember getting first! But I was fortunate in a way, because I went to school here. I was almost 16 years old. They said the best thing for me is to start from Grade One, to get the basics, my brothers decided. So, I started school. That was in April. I was only there a month or so, and the teacher sent me to Grade Two.

I could add and subtract in Arabic, so the only thing was that the figures were different. The addition and subtraction are identical. So, when I went to Grade Three, Miss O'Handley, who was the teacher, said: "Can you do that sum over there?" She put some questions on the board, so I did it. It was addition and subtraction. She said: "You'll go to Grade 4, you'll only be here a month or so". It left a nice impression on me.

"We have closeness"

Interview with George Arab,
Lebanese Consul to Nova Scotia

The Lebanese people, when they first came here to Nova Scotia, or elsewhere in the Americas, encountered many difficulties. They couldn't speak the language. They had practically no money and they were looked upon as foreigners, not desired. I know of the first Lebanese who came to Nova Scotia. Certain families who first came here in the early 1900s, came from towns in northern Lebanon. From the town of Diman, came my great-grand uncle. His name was Abraham Arab. I heard many stories from his children who were born here, about the difficulties he had with his life when they first came. I know about the arrival of Mrs. Abraham Arab, to the railroad station, because they were coming from New York. She stopped there, went to a store and bought a few bobby pins, a few needles, and combs with the little money she had. She went around to passengers, sold them to passengers. Within an hour or so, she was sold out. She went again to a retail store, adjacent to the north end station and did the same thing. And that's how they started . . . that is, buying and selling goods. Most of the Lebanese people, when they first arrived here, did this for a living. They used to go to wholesalers here: J. & N. Murphy and others. They used to buy clothing and go back in the country. Just a bag on their back, and walking all over Nova Scotia. They used to go as far as Sheet Harbour down east, and as far as Chester and Bridgewater down south. Sometimes they used to take weeks and months before they came back. That's how they started making a living, going through the hardship of the winter, in snow and walking. My father walked, peddling. He was a pedlar and he told me many stories. He used to walk in wintertime, in the snow, going from one village to another, from one house to another, just selling clothes.

Now, about the language. I know Mrs. Annie Arab, the wife of Mr. Abraham Arab who came here in 1900. One story is about a kerosene lamp in their house. There was no electricity, no heat, nothing. One day, she ran out of kerosene. She went to the store to buy kerosene for her lamp, but she couldn't make herself understood to the storekeeper. So, she had to go back home, bring the lamp with her and indicate to the store owner what she wanted. That's how she got the kerosene for her lamp! This is one story.

Another story I know, is when most of the Lebanese at this time were living in the downtown area of Maitland Street, Granville Street, Market Street and Buckingham Street where Scotia Square is now. I know when they were coming back from their trips of selling in the country, many of them didn't know how to find their homes. They used to go up to Citadel Hill, stand up on Citadel Hill, and look in every direction to see their homes and go wherever they lived. This took place in Nova Scotia, all this time up to the end of the Second World War. But during that time, most of them were pedlars, but some of them started to open up stores. Grocery stores, mainly, and clothing stores all over Nova Scotia. All over, but the bulk of the community was here in Halifax. Now, in Sydney, the people came mainly from the valley of the Bekaa, the Roman city of Baldek, where the ruins of the temples still are. From this rich valley of Bekaa, those people came to Sydney, and other places in Cape Breton (Sydney Mines, North Sydney). Some of them went peddling. A few started work in the mines.

Now, other people in Nova Scotia, later on came to Truro or Antigonish. Some went to Yarmouth. The people came from one region, say, for instance, the people that came from Northern Lebanon, most of them went to Halifax. The people who came from the Bekaa or from the south, went to Cape Breton. Now the oldtimers, most of them, have all died.

The Lebanese immigration is split in two parts. The people who immigrated during the first of the century, the 1900s or the later part of the 1890s, I call settlers. Then, there was a new wave of Lebanese immigration started in the year 1949, with my arrival. In 1949, they started coming here.

I came from a town called Diman. It's in northern Lebanon, near the cedars, the famous cedars of Lebanon. Diman is in the mountains and mainly agricultural. They grow vine grapes, apples, apricots, vegetables and wheat. They have cows, donkeys, goats and sheep. It is cool up in the mountains in the summer, and the people from the coastal cities, Beirut and Tripoli, where it is very hot in the summer, go up in the mountains to spend the summer there. It's a summer resort area; the scenery is beautiful, and the weather is beautiful all year, especially in the summer. In the winter it's cold, while it's warm down at the sea shore. Most people of my town, have two homes, a summer and a winter one.

I was born and educated in Lebanon. I went first to school in the town where I was born. My teacher was a priest. I learned Arabic and Aramaic, which is Syriac, the language that Jesus Christ, our Lord, spoke. Then, after a few years, I spent a couple of years at the convent. I started to learn French there. I stayed there two years, then afterwards my parents sent me to school in Tripoli. I was there for five years. Then, for my high school, I went to a Jesuit convent and there, also, I studied French and Arabic. When I finished my high school, I went back to Tripoli and entered a French college, "College of the Holy Family", directed by the Christian brothers, French Christian brothers, you see. I graduated from there with a diploma equal to a Bachelor of Arts in French literature and Arabic literature. After my graduation in 1944, I taught French and Arabic in my own home town, in a government school for five years until 1949, when I came to Halifax with my father and my two brothers.

My father was in this country during his youth. He came here in 1913 before he got married. At that time, he used to go to the country selling goods. He went back to Lebanon in 1920. He was married in 1921, and I was born in 1922. Then, in 1935, my father came back alone to Nova Scotia. He left me with my other four brothers and two sisters, and my mother. He couldn't bring us all with him, because he didn't have enough money to bring us all here, and he thought he'd come here, prepare, work for a couple of years. He'd have a home for us here, then we'd follow him. But, in 1939, while we were getting ready to follow my father here, we had the war. My father had to stay here and we had to remain in Lebanon. My father couldn't go back to Lebanon until 1947. We stayed in Lebanon with him from 1947 to 1949, two years, then he came with me and my two brothers to this country. He settled us here, then he went back to Lebanon, came back here from Lebanon with my mother and my other brothers in 1957.

We still love Lebanon. It's a beautiful country, but the country is so small, and it doesn't offer many opportunities to everybody. My father, after he had lived here, could see what opportunities this country would offer his children. That's why we decided to come here. We thought that it would be much better for us to live in this country, than to stay over there, because there are many opportunities here, which our country, unfortunately, doesn't provide. There were other reasons, also. As far as I'm concerned, I didn't like the social system. I was against it. There were so many differences between the classes, the rich and the poor, and, politically I couldn't see a bright future.

All the Lebanese who came to Nova Scotia or elsewhere in the world are very proud of their heritage. They are so attached to their traditions.

They tried and they're trying to keep this Lebanese culture, to revive this heritage. For instance, in my home, and any other Lebanese home, you'll see them eating Lebanese food. We maintain the Lebanese cuisine. We do all the dishes at home and we speak the Arabic language. My children speak Arabic. I have six children; two daughters and four boys, and they all, except one, speak Arabic. All of them understand the language. They can't read and write Lebanese, but this year, the Diman Association of Canada, which is a young Nova Scotia organization, started a Lebanese school, and my children go to this school. They have classes at Oxford School every Friday for two hours. They have 80 students and 4 teachers. This just started in 1979. Now they are learning to read and write.

Now, another aspect of our tradition in any Lebanese home, you'll find Lebanese music. They record, they play and they listen to it. Now, most Lebanese people are in constant contact with Lebanon, with their relatives, their friends. Many of them travel and visit Lebanon once in a while. Maybe, if not every year, every two or every five years, but, they return here. Most of them still have relatives over there. I'm talking about the new immigrants who started to come since 1949, because the Lebanese, the early settlers, all died except a few spread here and there. I've come back to tell you about what became of their children now. Since 1949, a new wave of Lebanese immigrants started to come to Nova Scotia, since the relaxation of the immigration laws. In the early 1950s, the federal government issued a law allowing every Lebanese in Canada to apply to bring over close relatives. That's how they started to come since 1950 until now. A new wave of Lebanese immigrants came and settled here. These people are maintaining every Lebanese tradition. They also subscribe to Lebanese papers, which come either from Lebanon or from Europe. There are Lebanese papers published in Montreal, but they are more like church bulletins. They're monthly.

The language of Lebanon is Arabic. Arabic is the classical language of the entire Arabic world. By classical, I mean the Arabic that you write and read. Now, if you go to any country in the Arab world — to Egypt, to Syria, to Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Lebanon, it's the same language. This is Arabic. But, the language spoken, varies from one country to another. It's an Arabic, but it's more like a dialect, if you know what I mean. When we speak, we speak a different language which is similar to the Arabic, but it's not the real Arabic, the classical Arabic. In Lebanon, it's a mixture derived from the real Arabic language and the Aramaic language, Syrian language. It's a dialect. If I go to Algeria, for instance, and speak my Lebanese, they wouldn't understand it. A fellow from Morocco, if he comes to Lebanon and speaks to me in his Moroccan, I could understand a few words, maybe, but I wouldn't be able to understand him fully.

Most Lebanese have shortwave radios, and I know most of them, every day, tune in on it to listen to Lebanese and Arabic music or to get the news of the old country, either from Europe or the Middle East. They take a lot of interest, also, in anything going on in Lebanon, especially recently during the war, and during the political events which are taking place in Lebanon. They took great interest in those things, and wherever you find two Lebanese, you see them discussing the political situation in Lebanon.

The Lebanese in Nova Scotia, I would say, about 75 per cent of them, have their own businesses. They are self-employed. They are in every field of business. They are in the grocery stores. You see, some have corner grocery stores where they work hard — maybe 10, 12 hours a day or more. Some, they progressed. They have chain stores, fruit markets, like Norman's Markets across the street from me here. Some are in the furniture business. They have big furniture stores, like JeBaileys; in Dartmouth, they have a "city of furniture". Some have restaurants, like Jays, and chain stores. Some are in the clothing business. They have clothing stores. They are in every field of business, really. Being in business and being hard workers, and honest, they're progressing. Well, they have many people, even Lebanese or Canadian working for them. This is, I would say, one of the contributions that they are giving to this province. When you employ people who are out of work, especially these days when unemployment is so high, I would call that a good contribution.

We have two Lebanese bakeries here, one in Dartmouth and one in Halifax which make Lebanese bread, bread for pizza, for donairs. They distribute their products all over the Maritime provinces. We have professionals. We have

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engineers. Some came from Lebanon, others were educated here in this country. We have some Lebanese, quite a number of them, in the construction business. They build houses. They are developers, big buildings, and they employ a lot of people. They use a lot of material, and they are very active. We have some Lebanese who are also employed by others, and they don't hesitate to do any work. I know many Lebanese who work all night at the V.G. Hospital or at the Infirmary, cleaning. I don't know of any Lebanese who is out of work. They can always find something to do. You can go to the records; not a single Lebanese is on welfare or out of work.

So, we have the new generation now. They all go to school, to colleges. They are educated. They're getting a good education. Every field of education. Now I have cousins of mine, who just graduated as dentists from Dalhousie. I know my nephews, two or three of them are engineers, school teachers. I have a cousin, Mahar Arab, who is a high school teacher. We have lawyers. Mr. Vincent Arab, he's a lawyer. We have the Butlers, who are Lebanese. Robert Butler, who was one time alderman and deputy mayor of Halifax, is a judge. So, you can see they're not lazy people; they don't depend on the government or others to make a living. And, most of them are successful, own their homes, have cars and live comfortably. In Sydney, we have prominent lawyers. The mayor of Yarmouth for many years, Fred Neiman, was Lebanese. The mayor Amherst, Norman Mansour, is a lawyer and is Lebanese. They've taken advantage of opportunity and they are being successful.

Some of our people, when they came here, had Lebanese names that were hard to pronounce, hard to be understood by everybody, so they changed their names. Either they translated their name from Arabic to English, or they changed them with a similar pronunciation. That's how they changed them. Take, for instance, the Sweets. Their name is translated from Arabic. "Halou" in Arabic, means "sweet" in English.

We have private social groups, as you know. We go to Lebanese parties. They mingle around, these Lebanese people here. If there's a wedding you see all the Lebanese there. When someone dies, everybody goes to the funeral. Someone is sick, Lebanese visitors! Everybody knows them, we're friends. We are very friendly people. We live, we are very close. First, we have the closeness of the family. That's something I want to stress to you. We have close ties, family ties, you see. The children respect their parents. They obey them. They have great respect for their parents. The wives and husbands, they love each other. We have closeness. Now, if we go somewhere, my children know all their relatives. They love them. They go out with them. We go, we're invited to their homes. We eat together. I can tell you, we're very close. We have close family ties, the Lebanese people.

The Lebanese Consulate of Nova Scotia involves all aspects of consular work and, it is mainly an official representation of the Lebanese government in Nova Scotia. This Consulate was first established here seven years ago, in 1972, and I was appointed to the post as Honorary Consular General. The Honorary Consular means just "I volunteer". I don't take any salary from the government for this job. Besides representing, officially representing, the president and the government of Lebanon in Nova Scotia, it involves all aspects of governmental or social life concerning the Lebanese people, and their dealings with the Lebanese government.

I'll give you a few illustrations. Passports: issuing passports for Lebanese people here, or issuing visas for people who want to go to Lebanon, other than Lebanese, if they're Canadian or other citizens and wish to visit Lebanon. We issue visas for them here, to be able to travel and visit Lebanon or stay in Lebanon. Now, many of their children were born in Nova Scotia and their parents wish to give them dual citizenship. Many parents, though their children are born here, wish to give them also Lebanese citizenship. So, they have to come to the Consulate, register their children, their newly born children, and the Consulate, through certain procedures, will give them Lebanese citizenship.

We're involved in other official documents. Legalization of papers, official papers, coming from Lebanon. College diplomas or school diplomas. They come in the Arabic language, so they have to be translated and legalized here at the Consulate before they are accepted at the universities. Many people, Lebanese people here, for instance, have properties or assets in Lebanon and they want to have someone to act on their behalf in Lebanon, so they come to the Consulate for power of attorney. They can sell their land. They can buy property for them. They can put money in the bank for them, control their money. It varies, you know what I mean, socially. Many people come here socially, just like I'm doing now. I'm a liason between the Lebanese people living in Nova Scotia and their country of origin in Lebanon. It's just a liasion between the Lebanese and the people of Nova Scotia.

Some people, they come here. They don't live in Nova Scotia. They come from New Brunswick or from elsewhere. They have something to do with Lebanon, the government, so we assist them in doing the legal end. We have an embassy in Lebanon and we have lots to do with the Embassy. Anything to be done legally, we do it here for them instead of going to Lebanon. They have, instead of going to the Embassy in Ottawa, our Consultate here.

The only thing I think we miss the most is the weather, the climate. It is a small country, but, just briefly, I'll tell you this country is divided into two regions. We have the sea coast and the mountainous area. Now, the sea coast, the Mediterranean; over there, at this time, people are swimming. If you wish to ski at this time of year, you go for a drive half an hour in the car and you are up in the mountains with the snow. That's why most Lebanese people have two homes, a winter home and a summer home. In the winter, when there is snow and it is cold, like here in Canada, we have more snow over there than what we get here in Nova Scotia. It is mild and warm by the sea shore. The distance between the two regions is only a half hour drive by car. You go from one climate to another, just like moving from Alaska or the North Pole, to Florida, in half an hour! So, we have seasons in Lebanon equally divided into three months each.

Another thing we miss here in Nova Scotia, and usually in Canada, is the social life we have in Lebanon. We have more social life. People are more intimate in Lebanon, more friendly. Here, they are very good people as human beings, from a humanitarian point of view. They are very friendly people. Even if you're a stranger and you're in trouble, they come to your help. They do anything to help you, but there isn't that intimacy, that closeness between two people, as we have it over there. The social life here is different, and this is what really, besides the climate, the Lebanese people miss here. The only thing they have established is a social life among themselves.

A Brief History of Lebanon

by Frederick J. Emin, Yarmouth

Lebanon is bordered on the north and east by Syria, on the south by Palestine and on the west by the Mediterranean Sea. It is one of the smallest countries in the world, yet one of the richest in beauty and magnificent scenery.

Situated on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, Lebanon is considered the gateway of the Near East and a bridge between Europe, Asia and Africa. It has a sea coast of 300 miles with an average width of about 40 miles. It seems almost unbelievable that so small a country can have such a mixture of sea coast, mountains, valleys and plains. It has been known through the years as a vacation land and has been described as the Switzerland of the Mediterranean. Here still gather the wealthy of Southern Europe, Northern Africa and Western Asia. At any time of the year, you may have your choice of the seasons. Winter on its mountain tops, spring and autumn on the slopes and summer on the coast.

You can swim in the warm waters of the sea, and in less than an hour's time, driving on modern highways, reach the higher parts of the mountains where you can enjoy skiing and other winter sports on the eternal snows of the Lebanon Mountains.

These mountains run parallel to the coast high above the sea, and on their slopes still stand many Crusaders' Castles, full of romantic memories. Behind the mountains is the Plain of Beka'a, from the south of which flows the Jordon river, and from the north the Orontes. In the middle of this plain stands the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbeck with its great columns of stone 62 feet high and 14 feet wide.

Today, its people are known as Lebanonites, but were Phoenicians and Punics in the days of Greece and Rome, and Canaanites and Hittites in Biblical times.

Thousands of years before Christ, thanks to the extensive forests of cedars that covered the whole range of its mountains, Lebanon was the first land to witness men riding the waves in conquest of the sea. Using the seas and oceans as their highways, they became the first traders and colonizers of the world. They sailed the length of the Mediterranean, pushed out into the broad waters of the Atlantic, rounded Africa, landed in England and Ireland, traded in the Baltic and brought the first civilization to these other countries. They filled the Mediterranean coast with hundreds of cities and built many other cities on the western coast of Europe and Africa long before Rome became a city.

The most famous cities of ancient Phoenicia were Tyre, Sidon and Byblos. Its most famous colony was Carthage. Not only did its cities become the first naval empires of the world and carried civilization to all other parts, it developed for civilization the alphabet, writing, medicine, mathematics and astronomy, chemistry, the art of glass-making and the use of stone in building. During the few centuries when Phoenicia was at its height, civilization advanced more than in all the preceding time of history.

After having bravely resisted at different times, the invasions of the Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, and Turks, the Lebanonites still stand firm for their freedom and independence. With varying fortunes they maintained the rocks of their mountains, the high spirit of liberty, especially when such Lebanon Princes as Emir Fakhredine of the 16th century and Emir Beshire of the 18th century were in power.

Before the Turks conquered the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and other great parts of Europe and Asia, Lebanon was almost entirely Christian. It was only shortly after Lebanon was included in the Ottoman Empire that the land became overwhelmingly Moslem, except for the small section of Lebanon where the Christians, after continuous fighting, withdrew into the mountains and continually resisted the Turks until an armed peace ensued. Here they dwelt near their Syrian-Moslem neighbour under their own princes called Emirs. This was the situation until 1860 when their Syrian neighbors became jealous of the growing power and united together to crush them with overwhelming forces. As these Christian people had always been a thorn in the side of the Turkish Empire, it encouraged and supported the attacks of its subjects on them so strongly that it seemed that the people of the Lebanon Mountains would be completely subjected or wiped out entirely by successive massacres. One third of its people were either killed or massacred during this war.

Realizing their dangerous position, they asked France for help. As the ties between the Christians of Lebanon and France were very strong, France sent a strong fleet and army to Mount Lebanon and saved them from complete annihilation. France then realized that if she should leave, the war would be renewed, so she made a treaty with the Turkish government to allow the Lebanonites to have full autonomy in the district which they occupied. Their protection was guaranteed by France and six other major powers of Europe.

Under the treaty, Turkey was permitted to name her own governor over Lebanon, subject to the approval of France and the other six powers and the people were given self-government by popular election. The Lebanese government also paid Turkey a set sum of money in recognition of this treaty.

Affairs continued under this set-up until the World War when Turkey aligned herself with Germany and marched into Lebanon, occupied the land as enemy territory and lived on the country. No help or money was allowed to come to the suffering people, as Turkey would not allow any foreign or neutral power to distribute food supplies or other help. And so, Lebanon, without its income from its tourist trade and cut off from the outside world, paid a dear price for the autonomy it had enjoyed. One half of the entire population died from starvation before the war ended.

After the Armistice, Lebanon was acknowledged as a country fully capable of self-government and deserving of international recognition of its independence. Because of friendly traditions with France, Lebanon asked for co-operation and France was granted a mandate in 1920 by the League of Nations. In 1936, Lebanon entered into an agreement with France and had the mandate replaced by a twenty-five year treaty.

Today, Lebanon is a republic with a president elected every three years, a cabinet of seven members and a house of sixty-three representatives. It is the only country in that part of the world with an overwhelming Christian majority. It has a population of about one million people.

Beirut, its capital, is a city of 275,000 inhabitants. It is noted as a centre of learning as well as commerce. It is the home of three great universities, the most famous of which is the

American University of Beirut (formerly the Syrian Protestant College) which is endowed by the Presbyterian Foreign Missions. Its graduates are widely known the world over.

Lebanon was the only nation represented at the World's Fair from that part of the world. Its pavilion featured 6,000 years of peaceful activities in the service of mankind, with illustrations of its history as Canaan, Phoenicia and Lebanon.

But Lebanon, having secured its own independence, does not shut its eyes or withhold its help from other oppressed and less fortunate people. It remembers its own call for help and has always been ready to give generously and to lend a big helping-hand to others.

After the World War, it gave a haven to 50,000 homeless Armenians and during 1939, it received 15,000 exiled Jews who were refused entrance elsewhere.

Its flag is red, white and blue, with a native cedar in the center. Its constitution guarantees liberty and justice to all.

The Native's Return

A poem written in Arabic by the late Lebanese poet Elias Abi-Mady of New York and translated into English by the late attorney Anthony Traboulsy of Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Oh land of stars gaze now at me
Do you remember what you see?

If from the distant past you had
Recalled a wayward, errant lad

Using the whole world as a stage
In that so carefree youthful age

Climbing the heights on lofty trees
With no concern and the greatest ease

Returning home with a branch he made
Into a lance or a trusty blade

Wading through winters' mud and snow
Exultant and with hope aglow

Fearless was he of the evil look
Of wicked tongue no heed he took

How oft so impish was he then
Impish he seemed to every man

I am that youth whose world was this
Oh happy world so full of bliss

I am a drop from your bubbling stream
Gushing with pride and self-esteem

I am an atom of your clay
A processional wave of majesty

I am a Bulbul of your grove
Singing your glories from above

Bearing a freight of happiness
To all the earth's inhabitants

How oft my soul has hugged your strands
And therein gloried in other lands

Gloried in cedars defying gale
As if o'er time they would prevail

Gloried in oceans voyaged wide
By sons of yours to spread your pride

By night with you I kneel and pray
By dawn I follow the muezzin's way

Gloried in Sun who slowly bids
Adieu your lofty mountain tips

In Moon, in dusky April skies
Tracing with kuhl your dusky eyes

Melting in pupils of wandering deer
A delicate magic soft and clear

In fields extemporaneously
Yielding their marvels bountifully

In grasses with the dew affreighted
In branches with their fruits aweighted

O'er all the earth Beauty did roam
Until it chose you for home

And Art has savoured every height
Until it chose you with delight

Oh Lebanon my native land
O secret of His mighty hand

Created He the stars in space
And fearing your seductiveness

Yon cedars tall His glory lent
To make His people suppliant

They thought you I forgot
Forget you I could not
Man may forget his enemy
The cup, the fair and melody
The pangs of want with bitter taste
The pleasure of a rich estate

He'll put aside all these forever
His native land forgets he never.

With the Compliments
of the
Consulate of Lebanon
HALIFAX - CANADA

وطن النجوم

إيليا ابي ماضي

وطن النجوم ... انا هنا   حدق ... اتذكر من انا ؟
ألمحت في الماضي البعيد   فتى غريرا أرعنا
جذلان يمرح في حقولك   كالنسيم مدندنا
المقتني المملوك ملعبه   وغير المقتنى

يتسلق الاشجار لا ضجرا   يحس ولا ونى
ويعود بالاغصان يبريها   سيوفا او قنا
ويخوض في وحل الشتا   متهللا متيمنا
لا يتقي شر العيون   ولا يخاف الالسنا
ولكم تشيطن كي يدور القول   عنه تشيطنا

أنا ذلك الولد الذي   دنياه كانت ههنا
انا من مياهك قطرة   فاضت جداول من سنا
انا من ترابك ذرة   ماجت مواكب من منى
انا من طيورك بلبل   غنى بمجدك فاغتنى
حمل الطلاقة والبشاشة   من ربوعك للدنى
كم عانقت روحي رباك   وصفقت في المنحنى ؟
للارز يهزأ بالرياح   وبالدهور وبالفنا
للبحر ينشره بنوك   حضارة وتمدنا
لليل فيك مصليا   للصبح فيك مؤذنا
للشمس تبطئ في وداع   ذراك كي لا تحزنا
للبدر في نيسان يكحل   بالضياء الاعينا
فيذوب في حدق المها   سحرا لطيفا لينا
للحقل يرتجل الروائع   زنبقا او سوسنا
للعشب اثقله الندى   للغصن اثقله الجنى
عاش الجمال مشردا   في الارض ينشد مسكنا
حتى انكشفت له فالقى   رحله وتوطنا
واستعرض الفن الجبال   فكنت انت الاحسنا

لله سر فيك يا   لبنان لم يعلن لنا
خلق النجوم وخاف ان   تغوي العقول وتفتنا
فأعار ارزك مجده   وجلاله كي نؤمنا
زعموا سلوتك ... ليتهم   نسبوا الي الممكنا
فالمرء قد ينسى المسيء   المفترى والمحسنا
والخمر والحسناء والوتر   المرنح والغنا
ومرارة الفقر المذل   بلى ولذات الغنى
لكنه مهما سلا   هيهات يسلو الموطنا

Lithuanian

Country of Origin

Lithuania, similar in size to Ireland, is situated on the south-eastern shores of the Baltic Sea, part of the Northern European Plain. Its neighbour on the north is Latvia; to the east, Byelorussia and along the south and southwest border it touches Poland. In 1940, Russian troops occupied the country and it was proclaimed a republic of the Soviet Union. Lithuanians number over four million, one-third of whom [illegible] abroad. Mainly an agrarian country, it is now undergoing industrialization (chemical industries, metallurgy, machinery, electrical and thermodynamic energy, food processing). The Lithuanian language is an ancient Indo-European tongue. Most Lithuanians follow the Roman Catholic faith, although a few prefer doctrines of the Lutheran Church. Lithuania's capital city is Vilnius.

In Nova Scotia

Approximately 40 families of Lithuanian origin live in Nova Scotia, 10 families in the Halifax-Dartmouth area and the rest elsewhere.

For the most part, they came to this country in search of personal and political freedom. They ventured on the frontier or worked as miners, labourers, artisans and shopkeepers in the urban centres. Today, they work in many fields, ranging from dentistry to the film industry.

The first arrivals worked in the Cape Breton mines. Anthony Glinsky appears to be the first settler of Lithuanian origin in Nova Scotia. He had worked in Scotland as a miner for a period of time after leaving Lithuania and before coming to Canada.

In 1906, a group of young Lithuanian men arrived, working in Sydney Mines and spending their lives in that community. Language presented the greatest problem, but they soon learned the language from fellow workers. At the same time, they maintained ties with their home country and settled together in small communities. Some 136 families settled in Sydney Mines. At that time, language differences made life very difficult. They were regarded as "foreigners". Many changed their names because they were difficult for Canadians to pronounce. For instance, the name "Liutkevicius" was changed to "Liutkus" and "Bardzevicius" became "Bardwich".

Lithuanians in Sydney Mines held their annual social gatherings during the summer months. These usually took place outdoors where the women arranged table cloths on the grass, generously covering them with foods such as homemade sausages, cheese, pickles, bread, bagels and preserves. Home cured hams and pork and sauerkraut and kugel (made of grated potatoes and baked in the oven) were also served picnic style. Dancing, singing, games and wading in nearby lakes were all part of the early social life. Folk music and singing were also part of the celebrations. Sydney Mines is no longer such an active Lithuanian community. Most of the early families who settled there have since moved to other areas of the province.

First generation Lithuanians usually speak the

Lithuanian language, although when the intermarry it is difficult to maintain a language they rarely have an opportunity to use.

The musical instrument most common to the folk music of Lithuania is the kankles. This is a stringed instrument played with the fingertips, and it is shaped similar to a harp. With the Lithuanian flag of red, green and yellow flying, Lithuanians celebrate their independence day on February 16 each year. There are so few members of the Baltic countries (Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia) in Nova Scotia, they usually celebrate their independence days together, (February 24 for Estonia and November 8 for Latvia).

Sources:

— Two taped interviews in the Halifax Metro area
— *Encyclopaedia Canadiana*
— *Lithuanians in Sydney Mines*, by Aldona N. Liutkus, College of Cape Breton, March 18, 1975
— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

"That's how we survived"

Comments of Lithuanian-born
Mrs. Ramona MacDonald, Halifax

I was born in Lithuania.

I arrived by boat, with my parents and a wave of immigrants who came after the Second World War. My parents were refugees. They had lost their country and Canada had a reputation as a land of freedom.

I was quite young when we stopped in Halifax, but I remember mainly the fog, and that it was the first time that I had tasted a fresh banana. We'd had dried bananas before, so I thought it was a yellow cucumber.

We didn't come to Nova Scotia to settle at that time. We moved to Ottawa, then I came to Nova Scotia six years ago.

I learned English first. I found it easy because I had picked up German, but French was a lot harder.

My father was a professor and he had difficulties in finding work. Many Lithuanians who came to Canada as doctors, lawyers and highly-trained professionals ended up working in factories. The work killed the spirit of many and they never got over that. My mother worked in a pastry shop. My father earned a little bit of money writing articles for eduational purposes. That's how we survived.

Eventually, my father was hired as a professor and became vice-dean of education.

"I did not forget my mother tongue"

by Lithuanian-born Dr. Nijole Noges, Halifax

I was born in Kaunas, Lithuania and arrived in Halifax, April 7 or 8, 1952.

I did not decide to come to Nova Scotia. I was coming to Canada as an immigrant and we were heading to Toronto. We had some friends in Halifax so we decided to stay a few days. They persuaded us to stay here. My husband was offered a job. There was an opportunity for me to get into Dalhousie in dentistry because I graduated in Germany in dentistry. No one was waiting for us in Toronto, so we decided to stay here.

My parents, who went to the States, are American citizens. My immediate family, my brothers and sisters, are all Americans. They emigrated from Europe to the States.

I did not speak very much English because in school, which I attended in Europe, I had several foreign languages. I had basic German, French, Latin and Russian, but I did not have English. But I did study English while I was in Germany, so I was preparing a little bit. I had some difficulty but not a whole lot.

When I first arrived, I had to go to Dalhousie and graduate in dentistry which meant total immersion in the English language.

At this time, I read newspapers and that's the only reason I did not forget my mother tongue.

I left my country when I was 19, so I was already grown up. I was not a kid. If you leave your country when you are 10 or 11, that's different. It would be easier to forget!

Micmac

The Original People of Nova Scotia

When Europeans first arrived in Nova Scotia, they were greeted by the Micmac people. Theories of their place of origin vary widely and conclusive evidence for any theory is yet to be uncovered. We can only state that the ancestral home of the Micmacs has always been Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the part of Quebec, known as the Gaspe Peninsula.

Micmacs feel they were placed here by the "Great Spirit", *Kji-niskam* in the Micmac language.

In Nova Scotia

"Micmac" meaning "people", derives from the Indian word, *Nigumakh* ("my people"). Early accounts of their lifestyle describe this tribe as a hunting and food gathering people who utilized nature in order to survive. They played a key role in the development of this land and contributed to its economic growth by means of the trading system established with the French. Unfortunately, the French exploited them on numerous occasions.

The Micmacs lived in harmony with nature, determined to survive in the wilderness. They were resourceful in utilizing their environment for food, shelter, medicine, clothing and crafts. Even their musical instruments were made from the bounties of nature. They lived a nomadic style of life, moving to different areas as the seasons changed and in harmony with the migratory patterns of animals. Original members of the Micmac tribe had their own highly evolved language, made their own tribal laws and governed themselves according to accepted codes. They existed as a nation, possessing a system of land holdings and belonging to a political affiliation known as the "Wabenaki Confederacy".

The original landlords (Micmacs) believed in God (Great Spirit) and prayed only to him. They had their own holy ceremonies and sacred rituals which the missionaries declared as barbaric. Regretfully, this unenlightened point of view destroyed a very beautiful philosophical view of life. It was Kji-niskam (God) to whom they prayed each morning for a prosperous hunt and it was God they thanked each night in prayer.

As time passed, the Micmacs, like so many other tribes on this continent, were faced with an unfamiliar struggle to survive. Their entire homeland was lost to the invading Europeans. Many treaties honoured by the Indians were not respected by their new European neighbours. No longer could they live in harmony with nature and wilderness. Instead they found themselves housed on Indian reservations. There are now approximately 5,400 Micmac Indians in Nova Scotia, who live on 14 reserves, located on the mainland and on Cape Breton Island. Each reserve with a population of over one hundred people has an elected Chief. The Grand Chief and his Council are respected people, appointed to the Grand Council for life. The Spiritual Medicine man sits in this Council.

From our research into the history of the

Micmac tribe, we note that they have experienced a cultural genocide. Today, they are attempting to revitalize their culture with the aid of organizations like the Micmac Association of Cultural Studies and the Union of Nova Scotia Indians. We found that many aspects of their traditional life were successfully preserved, informally, from one generation to another. One area where this is particularly obvious is in the making of handcrafts. The highly evolved skills required in beading, porcupine quill work and basket making still occupy many hours in the daily lives of Micmac women. Their beautiful creations are sold at Indian handcraft shops across the province.

Another aspect of their original culture that still remains is the making of homemade medicines. Wild berries, bark, seeds and syrups are still used to successfully cure common ailments like colds, kidney problems and asthma.

Naturally the Micmac people no longer live in wigwams for shelter, although a few people have retained the skill to build them. The men have remarkable skills in wood carving and woodworking, as demonstrated in the homemade furniture in use at the Abenaki Motel in Truro, a Micmac enterprise.

Some families prepare the traditional Micmac bread called *Eloos-kun-egen*, made from a dough and grease which is cooked on top of the stove.

The Micmac language is spoken on many reservations by young and old. Increasingly, children are taking pride in learning their mother tongue and are given encouragement by the people. Traditional pieces of clothing are still worn by Micmacs, young and old, in this province.

July 26 marks the annual celebration of St. Anne, whom they have adopted as their Patron Saint. On this day there is lots of music and dancing and traditional Micmac costume is worn. This Indian mission celebration is usually held at St. Anne's Church, Chapel Island, Cape Breton.

Much has been lost, but a lot of this is being regained. A new pride has developed among our native people and higher educational standards are being set. A number of students from Indian communities have now graduated from university. They are occupied in positions at universities, in the civil service, in the field of social work or private business.

Hopefully, the new interest in reviving the Micmac culture and language, will make us more appreciative of this nation of people who so generously welcomed us to their land.

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Micmac Indians Today

Article by Noel Knockwood, Micmac Reserve

For over 400 years Natives and non-Natives have been in contact in eastern Canada. This is much longer than anywhere else in Canada, and is a major reason why assimilation of Native people into the "mainstream" has been so great in the Atlantic provinces.

Traders, settlers and missionaries all played their part. They brought with them new values and a new system of exchange, money, that clashed with the basic Indian belief in sharing. As time passed, Indians were gradually left out of the economic picture. A new religion, Christianity, was introduced that paid little attention to Native culture. No treaties were ever signed, but a system of reserves had been established by the end of the 18th century.

There are about 11,000 registered Indians in Atlantic Canada (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland/ Labrador). The largest Indian group in the East is the Micmac, who number about 8500 registered Indians (with another 6500 Micmac in the non-status category). About 5000 of the registered Micmac population live on 12 reserves in Nova

Scotia. Other Native groups include: the Malecite, the Abenaki and about 13,000 Metis and non-status Indians.

Although the Micmac are the largest Indian group in the East today, only a few traditional Micmac remain. Once a hunting and gathering people, the Micmac today are farmers, fishermen, forestry workers, with a few in other trades and the professions. Some still work at traditional handcrafts. In many ways, they live a life not unlike that of other Canadians in the Atlantic provinces.

In 1969, the Union of Nova Scotia Indians was formed to improve conditions for Native people in that province. Its motto is "United we stand — divided we fall". The concept of democracy is good, but, in the sometimes endless red tape of bureaucracies, the real needs of the people are sometimes lost. The Union of Nova Scotia Indians is designed to be directly responsible and responsive to the needs of the Native people themselves.

Other Native organizations in Nova Scotia include the Micmac Institute of Cultural Studies, the Native Alcohol and Drug Education Organization and the Nova Scotia Association of Non-status Indians.

Since the formation of the Union, Native people have become increasingly active in political, economic, educational, social and cultural activities. The Union's concept of development is to promote a spirit of self-help in the people. This means an effort to make the best use of all local resources, relying as little as possible on outside help.

Political. Every Indian band in Canada is supervised under the Indian Act by staff of the Federal Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development who work closely with the local band councils. In Nova Scotia there are 42 reserves of which 12 are inhabited. These 12 communities each have a band council. Each band elects a chief and a minimum of one councillor. These are elected for a two-year term and work closely with a representative of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

It is important to note that since the mid-1960s, control over local affairs has moved increasingly from the Federal government to Native hands.

Economic. The Abenaki Motor Inn, the Eskasoni Oyster Farm and the Glooscap Lumber Association are just three examples of self-help projects with which the Native people of Nova Scotia are involved.

The Abenaki Motor Inn, in Truro, Nova Scotia, is a unique and luxurious motel with an Indian accent. The name in Micmac means "The Children of Light" or "The People of the Dawn". This motel, which opened in June 1975, is the first one in the Maritimes to be completely owned and operated by Indian people. It has forty-eight rooms, a dining room, lounge, banquet and conference facilities. Money for this project came initially from the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, the Federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion and the provincial government.

Another example of self-help and mutual aid is the Eskasoni Oyster Farm in central Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. In 1970, the Eskasoni Micmac Band, with financial and technical support from the Federal and provincial governments, started an oyster farm. Oyster larvae usually attach themselves to rocks on the muddy bottom of the sea, take six to eight years to mature and are difficult to harvest. At Eskasoni, strings of scallop shells are tied to rafts anchored in protected waters. The young oysters cling to the scallop shells and can be harvested more easily after only three or four years.

The Glooscap Lumber Association is a lumber producing mill on the Micmac reserve in Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, about 72 kilometres from Halifax. The Native people on this reserve soon learned, as did those involved in the motor inn or oyster farming projects, that people cooperate and work more willingly when they have a real share in deciding what should be done and how it should be done as well as in doing it.

Educational. Education helps a person to overcome bewildering situations and perplexing problems. Traditional Micmac education was very practical and suited the culture of that time. Young men and women learned from their parents what was necessary for survival. Today, however, life is more complex and new things must be learned.

The Micmac are beginning to realize that learning is an emotional experience as well as an intellectual one. Unless and until a person wants to learn, he or she will not accomplish very much. Learning that is centered around traditional Micmac culture provides new motivation for the

Micmac, both children and adults.

Social. As a result of over 400 years of contact between Natives and non-Natives in Atlantic Canada, the present lifestyle of the Micmac is not very different from that of other Canadians. Clothing, diet and housing are all quite similar. Most Micmacs are Roman Catholics. Although the majority of adults are bilingual in varying degrees (Micmac and English), most of the children can speak only English.

Socially, improvement has been slowed down by outside factors and by Native people themselves. Negative attitudes, beliefs, habits and values, plus the weakness of the reserve system have all served to slow down the process of social change.

Increasingly, individual Micmac are taking leadership roles. They have begun to speak for themselves, to have more confidence, and to no longer think of themselves as "second-class" citizens. Such developments have helped to overcome the obstacles of suspicion, poor working habits, fear, ineffective leadership, mistrust, defeatism and fatalism that tend to hold Native people down.

Cultural. In 1973, the Micmac people of Nova Scotia formed, through their Union, the Micmac Institute of Cultural Studies. This organization came about because the Micmac realized that they were losing their culture. For instance, although most Micmac are familiar with Glooscap, the Micmac God and central figure in Micmac oral tradition, only a few can recall the numerous legends which were formerly handed down from generation to generation.

Language development is one of the main concerns of the Institute. One goal is to establish a uniform written Micmac language. Then school books for all Micmac children can be printed. The object of the Institute is not to go back to the old way of life, but to understand, and, as much as possible, preserve the past, in order to provide for a better future.

Many Micmac people have begun to change, and desire to help themselves. Many now feel that something is lacking in their present way of life, which is largely based on welfare. Prior to European involvement, the Micmac people had complete control over their land and its resources. Today, the Micmacs are seeking compensation for a loss of their way of life and, in the words of Chief Dan George, their "culture . . . dignity and self-respect".

In 1969, the Federal government, in its now famous "White Paper" acknowledged and encouraged the possibility of Indians becoming full participants in the "mainstream" of society. Although the then Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chretien insisted that the White Paper did not advocate the end of the reserve system, disregard for treaties or the total assimilation of Indian people, many Natives argue that it did just the opposite. Indian people are concerned about the possible loss of the special status of registered Indians, the destruction of reserve lands, and the weakening of Indian culture and identity if they become an indistinguishable part of the "mainstream".

The real problem is not assimilation, but property. There is unrest in many Native communities today all across Canada. There is a gap between the many non-Natives who "have" and the Indians, including many Micmac, who "have not". Wealth and poverty cannot coexist happily anywhere. The Union of Nova Scotia Indians is just one of many Native groups in Canada working today to help Native people help themselves.

"That is where I was born"

Story by Mrs. Lucy Paul, Sydney

My father belongs to France. It is on my mother's side that I am related to the Indian people. He came to the reservation, married my mother when he was 22.

The first reserve they had here was the old reservation on King's Road. That is where I was born. There were only four little houses there at that time. There were people living in North Sydney at one time. They had a little reservation there, but there weren't very many people. Then, after years went by they bought this place and they moved the Indian people up here. That was before I was married in 1926. They had some houses starting to be built here already. They liked it better, I guess, because down there it was a small place and you didn't have the country surroundings.

I went to the Holy Redeemer School after my father was out of the reservation. I have two boys of my own and two little grandchildren. I didn't go to school for long. I just went as far as grade

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four. When I was a girl, working around town, I used to do housework, not like today and sometimes I used to go out working for $1.50 a day.

A personal viewpoint:

The Indian people are developing pride and showing it to the rest.

". . . an old mother hen"

Interview with Chief Leona Pictou,
Bear River Micmac Reserve

I was born in Kentville. We didn't move onto a reserve until we moved out here. What brought us out here was that my husband wasn't very well. He had a heart condition. And our daughter moved out here. That is why we came down here to live. I have two other children, a boy and a girl, just the boy is living now. I lost the other last summer. I have three grandchildren. One is going to school. The other is working and the oldest one is back in the woods.

I like to go fishing, canoeing and I like to walk in the woods.

I became chief three years ago. Before that, I was a member of the council.

What does it mean to be chief? I often remind myself of an old mother hen. You look after this family and that family, and if something goes wrong, you have to look after it! Not only that, you have to apply for funds of some kind. Sometimes you have to fight for them. Sometimes they are quite expensive but we usually get through them somehow.

A personal viewpoint:

We lost a lot of our culture and I blame it on our environment.

There used to be a lot of salmon in the Annapolis River and tourists used to crowd there. They talk about tourism and how they want to improve it. This is one of the things! Tourists used to come in droves down the Annapolis River in the hope of catching salmon. Now some places you see that even the fishways are not adequate. I think something should be done about it!

The Sacred Seven Prayer

(Micmac contribution)

O Great Spirit, who art before all else and who dwells in every object, in every person and in every place, we cry unto thee, we summon thee from the far places into our present awareness.

O Great Spirit of the north, who gives winds to the waters of the air and rolls the thick snowstorm before thee, who covers the earth with a sparkling crystal carpet, above whose deep tranquility every sound is beautiful, temper us with strength to withstand the biting blizzard yet make us thankful for the beauty which follows and lies deep over the warm earth in its wake.

O Great Spirit of the east, the land of the rising sun, who holds in your right hand the years of our lives and in your left the opportunities of each day, brace us that we may not neglect our gifts nor lose in laziness the hopes of each day and year.

O Great Spirit of the south, whose warm breath of compassion melts the ice that gathers round our hearts, whose fragrance speaks of distant spring and summer days, dissolve our fears, melt our hatreds, kindle our love into flames of true and living realities. Teach us that he who is truly strong is also kind, he who is wise tempers justice with mercy: he who is truly brave matches courage with compassion.

O Great Spirit of the west, the land of the setting sun, with your soaring mountains and wide free rolling prairies, bless us with knowledge of the peace which follows purity of striving and the freedom which follows like a flowing robe in the winds of a well-disciplined life. Teach us that the end is better than the beginning and that the setting sun glorifies not in vain.

O Great Spirit of the heavens, in the day's infinite blue and amid the countless stars of the night season, remind us that you are beautiful, vast and majestic beyond all our knowing or telling, but also that you are no further from us than the tilting upwards of our heads and the lifting of our eyes.

O Great Spirit of the earth beneath our feet, master of metals, germinator of seeds and storer of earth's unreckoned resources, help us to give thanks unceasingly for your present bounty.

O Great Spirit of my soul, burning in our own heart's yearning and our innermost aspirings, speak to us now and always that we may be aware of the greatness and goodness of your gift of life and be worthy of this priceless privilege of living.

Polish

Country of Origin

A land of rolling plains, Poland is bordered by the Baltic Sea, Germany, Czechoslovakia and the USSR. Ship-building, coal mining, steel and agriculture are principal industries. The country's name derives from Slavic tribesmen called Polanie (dwellers of the field). Warsaw is the capital; Katowice, the centre of heavy industry.

To Nova Scotia

Two main groups of Polish immigrants came to Nova Scotia in this century. The first consisted of four families who settled in Sydney, Cape Breton in 1901, at Whitney Pier. The men worked at the newly built steel plant. From 1906 to 1913, drawn by job opportunities at the Sydney Steel Works, nearly 500 Poles, mainly from Galicia in southern Poland, came to Sydney. Political upheavals and hopes for greater economic opportunities led most of the immigrants away from what was then called the Austro-Hungarian Empire, to Nova Scotia.

A slow trickle of immigrants continued until the Second World War when the second major group of Polish immigrants arrived. They were mostly professional people who settled in the Halifax area. These Poles had served in the armed forces and, after the war, they did not wish to return to Poland. They completed their education in the British Isles or Western Europe, and then emigrated as doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers, engineers, craftsmen, and other skilled workers. More recent immigrants include seamen who "jumped" Polish fishing vessels to start a new life in Nova Scotia.

Statistics on early Polish immigrants are not entirely reliable simply because officials at Canadian immigration centres were not familiar with the classification of individual national groups in certain parts of Europe. Changing boundaries created further difficulties in identifying ethnic origins, especially during the early part of this century.

Some Poles came as families and they were fortunate to have others to share in working out the many difficulties facing them in the new land. Others, who came on their own, faced great loneliness, long hours of work and low wages, plus the strain of unfamiliar language. Many Poles settled at Sydney's Whitney Pier, among other ethnic groups, such as Croatians, Blacks, Russians, and Ukrainians.

There were no classes in English language for the newcomers during the early days of settlement. Men learned much of the language at work but the women in their homes had little chance to do likewise. Adjustment for them came more slowly.

The Parish of St. Mary's Polish Church was established in 1912 in Sydney and soon afterwards the congregation built the church. Today, the gospel of the mass is read in both Polish and English and the sermon is also delivered in both languages. Since 1913, the church has served the community and many activities and organizations revolve around its establishment.

Family ties still remain close although the Polish language is being lost by the younger generation.

In Sydney, a well trained dance group, costumed in traditional Polish dress, is well known throughout Atlantic Canada, as well as parts of Ontario.

Polish cuisine is maintained in most homes where one or both partners are of Polish extraction. Some of the traditional dishes include pierogi, golabki, bigos, barszcz, and a fine variety of breads. Fortunately for citizens of Sydney, two Polish bakeries produce breads, rolls and turnovers in quality European style.

Polish National Day, May 3, marks the signing of the constitution of Poland. Particularly in Sydney at the church hall and in Halifax, this event is commemorated with music, songs and dance.

Well known in the community are Polish weddings when parents give their blessings to the bride and groom before and after the wedding. Then, the community joins them for much merriment. The dance with the bride, called "czepina", allows each guest to dance a short while with the bride and leave a gift donation in a covered dish. In early days, the wedding celebration lasted two or three days and entailed much advance preparation of food.

Some Polish-Canadians, especially those in the Halifax area, send special greetings on "name days", rather than on birthdays. "Name days" originate from the names of saints whose ascension is marked on a calendar. Cards and sometimes small gifts are sent to persons named after the saints. Many Poles know the "name days" by heart, but sometimes a calendar with these dates is purchased from London or Toronto. The custom of hand-kissing is practiced by very few and appears to be waning. As one Polish gentleman said, "Much depends upon an individual's insistence in keeping customs!"

The traditional Polish customs for Christmas and Easter are, to some extent, still maintained. These relate mainly to cuisine, and special dishes are faithfully prepared for family and friends. Much visiting takes place on holy days and, in Cape Breton, where the communities are larger, concerts prior to Christmas take place and a visit from St. Nicholas is enjoyed by the children.

A former President of Acadia University, the late Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, although not of Polish descent, translated into English, Adam Mickiewicz's 12,572 line poem, *Pan Tadeusz*. It was published in 1962 by the University of Toronto Press.

Several thousand Poles live today in Nova Scotia. While retaining a deep affection for their motherland, people of Polish descent have entered fully into the life here and, in many ways, share this way of life with others.

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". . . I stress my Canadianism . . ."

Interview with Polish-Canadian
Janina Matonis, Halifax

I was born in Canada. I'm a Canadian. What good are the old Polish ways to me? Yet, I wish I could read and write Polish because there are many differences. You can communicate better if you know how to read and write in the language. You could read some of the old books and you could read what they thought. Poland's history and traditions are unique and valid for study by everyone.

My parents were very keen for me to be a Canadian. The more English I could bring home, the more my father could learn. He never learned to read and write properly. He never got a chance to go to an English school because he had to work and support his family. Not being an intellectual professor, rather a tradesman, physical work was important.

I didn't experience prejudice because I had English all the time. Others can make fun of you but I tried to hide it as much as possible. It's too much, if you meet up with the wrong person. They can really give you a hard time. I don't see why! So I just stress my Canadianism more than anything. Sometimes I don't feel Canadian. I don't know why. I was born on Canadian soil but they say my parents didn't have their citizenship when I was born so I'm still Polish!

I wish they would have the Christmas and Easter traditions back. It would be really nice to celebrate together the old traditions, the Easter baskets, the priests' blessing and enjoy the real traditional stuff once in a while. The cultural differences and traditions are beautiful and meaningful.

Prejudice has sort of eased off on the Polish people. Because of Ango-Saxon features it is not so evident as it may be with others.

It would be interesting to tell others about what Poland is like. The history of the past should be known, more on a voluntary basis and for interest sake (nothing you would have to write exams over!). . . just educate Canadians. We are Canadians too, and have much to offer to make Canada better. We have a different past to share, but more important is the future in which we can participate together.

". . . we used to have the Polish picnics"

Interview with Kazimer Siepierski, Sydney

My mother came here in 1927 and my father came a year later. They left to better themselves, naturally. My father wanted to work. Poland is a poor country and he wanted a chance to work and make money. He heard about the steel plant here, so he came.

I often say jokingly to others: our ancestors came over here, built that plant, and then you fellows came and took it from them. You made yourselves foremen and bosses, and they are still ordinary workers. My father got sick down in the plant, and that's why he died in 1941, when he was 39 years old. He contracted tuberculosis down in the open-hearth pit where you have to dig and sweat.

My stepfather educated himself when he came over here. In fact, he wrote and typed his memories by one finger. He bought himself a typewriter. Some of his English was good, but the way he used words in the wrong places makes you laugh! Still, it just shows how he really wanted to get things across.

New Waterford was a place with lots of foreign people. We used to have picnics. I can remember when I was a kid, we used to have Polish picnics at South Bar. There was a wooden stage, a dancing platform. On a Sunday you would go for a picnic and see dancing, hear an accordion, in the early '40s. I was only a boy then. But, the family carried on old country customs such as weddings. You can't beat a typical Polish wedding!

Even today, you can go to a Polish wedding. First, you'd go to church and then, you'd have a big time at the hall. You'd probably go until 1 or 2 or 3 o'clock today, tonight, and then tomorrow, they would all come back to my place here and we would go again the next night! We'd have a big party again! It's only drinking, eating and just really enjoying yourself. The bride gets to dance with everybody. They throw in money. This is an old country custom. The groom sits at a small table with his best man and they have a bottle on the table with a jigger. The bridesmaids go around and they pin ribbons on them after they dance with the bride. It is just an old country custom instead of bringing gifts. You come to the table after dancing with the bride, and the groom pours a drink for you. You drink it. He shakes your hand and you can toss in a dollar, two dollars, three dollars, ten dollars or twenty dollars. That's up to you! It is more or less a little gift for the bride and groom. Then they come and pin a little ribbon on you, and that's why the bridesmaids go around. They know you have already danced with the bride. It is a very nice, very nice custom.

We are associated with the Polish singers and dancers, trained by Stephanie Melnick and Mary Pierrynowski. I think without those two, our kids wouldn't be doing what they are!

My wife is a Newfoundlander. She can speak a little bit of Polish but you can't fool her. She can understand, so you can't talk about her! She knows what is going on after 25 years! My mother stays with us and she speaks Polish to my young fellow, also to me and my wife.

In fact, my wife sometimes says "talk English, there are some things I don't understand!" My mother answers, "you should understand Polish!" The young fellow understands every work that is spoken. And yet he goes to an English school.

"Before the union, you had no rights"

by Polish-born Roman Shivak, Sydney

I was born in 1890 in Livov, Poland, and left that country in spring, 1907. Poland, at that time, was broken up into three parts, under Austria, Russia, and Germany. It was difficult for anyone to better themselves there. I had worked for 10 cents a day, hand threshing rye or wheat and saving the straw for the roof of the house.

With four others, I came to Nova Scotia. Transportation was cheap in those days . . . it cost me $40 to come from Poland to Sydney. I chose Sydney because I had friends here. Not only Poles came on that trip but also some Italians. We came together from Montreal in a train.

I got a job at the steel plant and worked there until I was pensioned off in 1960.

My wife came from just 10 miles outside of Cracow, near the place where the Polish Pope had lived.

I didn't know any English when I came here, but when you are young, you pick up a language faster and easier than older people. It takes about two years to be able to manage some conversation. Classes in English would help quite a bit, but there was no night school when I had arrived.

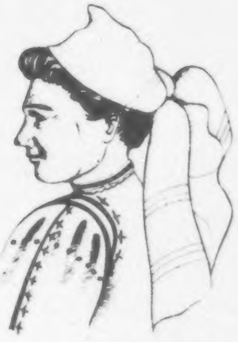
As for prejudice against a minority — in past days, it was different. When they saw you coming, they called you names, whether they fitted or not! Also, they gave all kinds of excuses about job openings, that is, until a union was started and you got a chance to kick about it. Before the union, you had no rights. You came from slavery and you're back into slavery again!

I boarded before I was married and then after marrying I built a little house, which is still standing, and my daughter lives in it.

My wife and I had five sons and seven daughters. Two daughters are nuns in Winnipeg, where another daughter lives. My other children are in Ontario and the States.

I call myself Polish Canadian. You can't bury your background because it's part of you. We keep many of the traditions. When it comes to Easter or Christmas especially, you keep up the traditions.

I read two Polish newspapers, from Winnipeg and Toronto. They keep me in touch with Poland and Europe.



Romanian

Country of Origin

An Eastern European country, Romania has extensive forest areas spreading over one fourth of the country. These wooded regions give way to rich, fertile plains. Romania has large oil, gas and mineral resources to match her supply of grains and timber. Oil refining, mining and the production of manufactured goods are important industries. Bucharest is Romania's capital city and Constanta, a port city on the Black Sea.

To Nova Scotia

During our search for the ethnic origins of the people of Nova Scotia, we found few people who refer to themselves as "Romanian". We estimate, perhaps, four or five families settled here from Romania. Most of them came originally from other European countries before settling in Nova Scotia.

In Halifax, we interviewed a Romanian lady whose love for her country has made an enriching impact upon her adopted city of Halifax. Her charmingly decorated home and the animated talks she gives to school children have a clear Romanian flavour. She maintains many Romanian traditions, making every corner of her home a reminder of her homeland.

The Romanian language is spoken in a number of dialects that vary from province to province. It belongs to the Romance family, containing only a few elements of other languages (Slavonic, Turkish, Greek). Romanian-Canadians maintain their language through reading and writing. Naturally, opportunities to speak the language are very rare here in Nova Scotia. Nevertheless, parents still encourage their children to learn it, and Romanian newcomers provide a stimulus for learning.

Distinctive styles and colours reflect the richness of the country's folklore. The national costumes are embroidered in silk or cotton, combined with gold or silver thread and brightly coloured glass beads. They come in a wide range of delicate shades (frequently obtained from vegetable dyes). Each Romanian province has a traditional costume. For instance, the costume of the province of Muntenia is basically red and white, with gold trim.

Romanians are proud of their Latin heritage which dates back to the Roman conquest in the second century. The country was later over-run by invaders such as the Goths, Tartars, Bulgarians, Slavs and Turks.

The principal holidays are religious ones, such as Christmas and Easter (with the latter being the most important). Traditionally, food was brought to the church at that time to be blessed. A portion was then given to the poor. One Halifax lady continues the tradition with a bit of modification. She bakes special foods and, in memory of her mother, gives them to elderly people. To her, neither Easter or Christmas is truly celebrated unless she carries out this tradition. Romania's national holidays, May 10 and January 24 are not observed in areas like Nova Scotia where the Romanian population is so small.

If one were to choose the most beautiful Romanian craft or art form, woodworking would probably top the list. Wood is abundant in Romania; the art of carving it, a natural outgrowth of its frequent use. Carved wooden household articles, such as spoons, forks and knives are still commonly used in Romanian households. Gates, wooden pillars and door frames are intricately decorated with carving in most parts of Romania, as are windows, altars and candelabra.

Romanian girls learn to embroider when they are very young. Traditionally, village women made their own fine linen thread by beating flax at the riverside until it was thin enough to use in their delicate, embroidered tablecloths and blouses. This craft is still popular with Romanian women, wherever they live.

Silk worms are sometimes raised in village homes. Leaves of mulberry trees are used to feed the larva. Very fine silk cloth is woven from the homegrown threads.

Special rose bushes, selected for their rich fragrance, are grown in village homes; the deeply-fragrant petals used for making oil of roses and very sweet flavoured jam.

Clay comes to life when shaped by Romanian craftsmen. Various household utensils are commonly made. Ornaments such as glazed tiles and painted plates often add a cheery border to interior walls. Home-made clay pots are used for holding water or milk. One that we saw in Halifax was decorated with colourful motifs. In Romania, these pots were filled with wine or milk and on designated days (especially in memory of the dead), they were given to the poor.

One such day is September 14, when Romanians go to the cemeteries to light candles and to distribute food to the poor. It is customary to mourn the dead because of feelings of strong personal attachment, and a conviction that this world and the next are closely linked. The dead are lamented and people speak to them before leaving the graveside, believing they are spiritually alive. The dead are constantly reminded of their good deeds and provided with news of family and friends.

At Christmas time, Romanian children go from house to house, wishing the families well. They carry "sorcova" (a colourful wand of crafted flowers) with which to stroke each member of the family (even if they are in bed). This symbolizes best wishes for their prosperity, health and happiness.

Through close adherence to custom and tradition, people of Romanian descent who live in Nova Scotia, continue to reflect many rich characteristics of their ancestry.

Sources:

— a taped interview in Halifax
— an interview (not taped) in Halifax
— *Encyclopaedia Canadiana*
— *The Canadian Family Tree* — Canadian Citizenship Branch, the Department of the Secretary of State

Viewpoint

by Mrs. Nina Patriquin, Halifax

Mrs. Patriquin is an engineer draftsman and clinical lab technician. Married to a Nova Scotian, she has two young children. She has a Greek and Romanian background.

"What would I like to see here? Perhaps stronger family ties, in the sense of showing and expressing more care for one another. I don't mean that we should interfere with each other's lives. Rather, simply demonstrate more the real concern that we have for each other. It begins in the family, then extends to other relatives and neighbors.

Being married to a Nova Scotian makes adaptation to the life here easier and speedier."

"My country is rich. . ."

by Romanian-born Mrs. Ilena Vasiliki Wamboldt, Halifax

I was born in Romania and I lived there for 25 years. I was educated there and then we went to Greece.

Romania being my country, I am interested in every aspect of that life, as you can see. Every corner of my house reminds me of my country, Romania. I love it and I am proud to share everything I know and have, because it is from Romania.

I do speak Romanian well. I didn't forget the language and I don't think I ever will. People ask me how I speak so well when I have a husband who speaks English, and my answer, "I speak to myself and my cat!" I write and this is how I maintain the language. I read books. I have a good number of books and I write letters very often and many I receive, also.

My national costume is from the province I am from, Muntenia. The colour is red. Every province has a different colour. The costume represents the province by the colour of the costume. Mine is red, gold. Others have black, others blue, combinations, or other colours.

Our national meal is cabbage rolls. There is a slight difference between our cabbage rolls and the cabbage rolls I've tasted here. We used pickled cabbage, which gives a slight sour taste to the meal. Also we have a corn meal bread very much used in the country and villages in Romania. It's very good with syrup and meals.

We have Russian borscht stew, but it's sour. The tartness is given, not by lemons because we don't have lemons in our country, but from a fermented water, made from corn meal with fruits, apples. It is fermented a few days and used in our borscht.

Christmas, Easter, Good Friday and the Resurrection were very much celebrated. We used to bring food to the church. The food was blessed and then brought back home and given to the poor people. We shared our food with them and then afterwards we were allowed to sit at the table and have our meal. I continue to do this as respect and in memory of my mother. At Christmas, I make plates of food, cookies, and I give them to lonely people here, since I don't know any poor people. I give to lonely people or to old people. For me, Easter or Christmas is not a celebration unless I do that.

The handcrafts, especially the woodwork, are very rich. My country is rich in woodwork crafts because we are rich in forestry. Having so much wood, they carve things for the kitchen and decorate the house. For instance, you will notice on my wall, spoons, forks and knives are carved and used in the kitchen. In the country and in villages, they use these. The pillars are carved, the windows are carved, the doors are carved. At the entrance of the villages, you see gates also hand-carved. Romanian people like to carve and especially to work with wood.

We have special holidays for remembering those who passed away. One of them is September 14, when we go to the cemetery. We light candles and we bring food. The priest comes and blesses the grave and after that we distribute the food. When someone dies, it's our habit in the villages to mourn the dead person. It is not like in western countries where probably they consider they are passing in another life and maybe there is no sorrow, but happiness. In my country, people are attached to people very much and they really mourn when someone dies. They lament a lot and speak to the dead person, reminding him of good life. For instance, the good life that has been had with the wife. If a person who is lamenting cannot do that, then they hire special women who come and cry and lament to the dead person. This is a tradition that they still have today, but in the village only.

They are certain that someone who dies is living in the other world and that's why they speak to the person who dies, thinking that the spirit is alive and they communicate. I remember a person who died in our neighbourhood, and another person came and said, "Well, Mr. Pasku, would you tell my husband that I am well and that I think very often of him, and also tell him that the children are all married and well, and we speak often of him."

I would like to tell everyone to go to visit my country. It is very beautiful in every aspect. People are nice and very happy to see tourists and to show them that they are proud in their culture and show them whatever they have. I could say that Romania is one of the countries which maintains the traditions and culture more than others I have seen.

Christmas is also celebrated in my country. Children go from house to house and give good wishes. Small children have a wand of artificial flowers which are displayed on a stick. They go from house to house early in the morning and wish people in bed good holidays and much health. They stroke the person with these flowers. Very colourful! Also, Christmas Eve, they go at night from house to house and they sing songs and Christmas carols. New Year's Eve, they go from house to house, especially men with oxen in the village. They wish each other "good crops and much health and wealth".

Russian

Country of Origin

Russia is the largest of the Soviet socialist republics. A vast plain with rivers and rugged mountains, its huge pine forests cover much of the land mass. Farming is concentrated in areas bordering the Baltic Sea and the Caspian Sea, where the republic's industry and population are also largely located. Moscow is the capital city. Leningrad, noted for its industry and shipbuilding is renowned as a cultural centre as well.

To Nova Scotia

Halifax, as a port of entry, received a large group of Russian immigrants between 1890-1910. A few probably remained in the city, although we were unable to locate any statistical records. Some Russians had fled religious persecution and changed their name upon arrival. Hence, their ethnic origin cannot be recognized immediately.

A small group went to Sydney, where they found employment at the Sydney Steel Works.

Our main source of information is from interviews with former and current Russian professors at Dalhousie University. One professor estimates approximately 30 Russian families live in the Halifax metro area. One of the earliest members of this group is a retired professor who came here in 1930. Because they are few in number, the Russians have not formed an ethnic association in Nova Scotia.

Our interviews with citizens of Russian birth or extraction indicated that these people have a deep love for their heritage. In fact, one professor said that Russians sometimes appreciate their own culture more after they have come to live here. In Canada, they find less place for classical culture than in Russia, and North American concerns stemming from the "new morality" do not appeal to them.

Use of the Russian language and a fuller understanding of Russian culture is fostered by two Dalhousie campus associations. The first, the Dalhousie Russian Club, sponsors annual activities such as a "Russian night" with folk dancing and Russian foods, a film series, and plays, to expose students and members of the community to the rich traditions of Russia. The second, the Canadian Association of Teachers of Russian Language, Literature and History, formed in 1975 for academic purposes, flies in guest speakers and sponsors Russian films. In addition, the Pushkin program is arranged for students of Russian language and culture. A four-month stay at the Pushkin Institute for Russian Language in Moscow is organized for 12 Canadians. One half of them are Nova Scotian. As part of the Pushkin program and along with other activities, a Russian professor comes in to help students prepare for this experience.

Like other Europeans, Russians in Nova Scotia retain food preferences such as the internationally known borscht. Some families still celebrate "name days" with gifts of flowers and chocolates.

The early Slavs, known as East Slavs, developed into three distinctive language and cultural units: Ukrainians, Russian, and

Byelorussian. At least two Byelorussian families are known to us in Nova Scotia, one in Digby and the other in Halifax, although the 1971 Canadian census lists 20. More recent arrivals to Nova Scotia from Russia continue to speak Russian in their homes.

Leon Trotsky was an early Russian visitor to Halifax. In 1917, he and his wife and two young sons (aged eleven and nine), were detained from the steamer Christianiafjord for over two months. Military authorities acting under instructions from Ottawa arrested Trotsky. He was interned in Amherst. Trotsky later became known as Foreign Minister of Russia.

Sources:

— *Encyclopedia Canadiana*
— *The Humanist*, May/June 1978, "Russian Intelligentsia and Its Meeting With America" by Yuri Glazov
— five interviews (not taped) in Halifax
— "Trotsky in Halifax" by Phyllis Blakeley, *The Atlantic Advocate*, Nov. 1964

In memory of David Zilberman

by Russian-born Marina Glazova, Halifax

Displacement
in my very brain!
My own skull is crushed.
All crumbles! O Lord!
Uphold!
Uphold what I believe!

O God!
And for what reason
did you write in Sanskrit
that morning:
"Brow: to crush, place of execution, execute"; and
"Nirvana: the final goal, cessation
of existence, nothingness."?

They returned your clothes — in red.
Watch. Notes.
Rather — your thoughts.
They deceived.
They deceived you! Deceived!
Like black magic.

A butterfly above your land
A gleam of light.
Rectangle of earth.
Simple — flat.
Before my eyes does it stand.

Butterfly — symbol of soul in Greek,
Longevity — in Chinese.
In your beloved fatherland, the Greece
of old,
the poets wrote,
that the gods take young
those whom they love.
You loved each other, that means.
And of course, I weep.

All arguments are now passed,
hours — conversations.
They return your watch. Fast —
its hand. For us — you speed ahead.

We are for you now — if indeed we are —
as upon your open hand.
And in the bushes black horses
awaiting stand.

I lift the receiver — you know the answer
and hurry to give us
that very knowledge. But "No!" —
the word "No!"
stamps out my memory.

You go off into the night.
And thin and thin the gleam of light.
I hang above the darkness.
The gleam I grasp and weep.

Unfortunate event!

O Light, my Silent One!
I do not comprehend
what all this means!

I do not comprehend!

O Lord! Grant pardon!

To senselessness they flow —
to hollowness —
tears...
and bitterly they freeze on their path...

Attachment — severed strands of thread...
and tears...

O recollect us, Lord! Grant pardon!
O recollect us, Silent, Silent Light!
my lips I move...

Breathing the wind,
a soul, mote of dust,
frail wing — in my grasp.

- Translated by Kevin Corrigan
1977

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Note:

David Zilberman was born in 1939, in Odessa, USSR. While in the Soviet Union, he specialized in philosophy and cultural anthropology. In 1973, he left Russia and taught philosophy at Hunter College, New York, and Brandeis University, Massachussetts. On the 25th of July, 1977, he tragically perished in an accident in Boston, Massachussetts. He is survived by his wife, Lilya, and two little daughters, Natasha and Sasha.

ПАМЯТИ ЭДИКА ЗИЛЬБЕРМАНА

1

Смещенье
в моих мозгах собственных!
Мне самой раскрошило череп!
Рушится все!
О Господи!
Удержи!
Удержи,во что верю!

О Боже!
И для чего же
ты написал на санскрите
утром:
"Лоб - раскрошить,лобное место,казнить." и
"Нирвана - конечная цель,прекращенье
существованья,небытие."

Одежду в красном с тебя вернули.
Часы.Бумаги.
Вернее - мысли твои.
Обманули!
Обманули тебя!Обманули!
Как черные маги.

Бабочка над твоей землей.
Луч света.
Прямоугольник земли.
Простой.Ровный.
Перед глазами стоит все это.

Бабочка - символ души по-гречески.
Долголетия - по-китайски.
В любимом твоем отечестве греческом
древнем
поэты писали,
что боги забирают молодым,
кого любят.
Вы любили взаимно,значит.
Конечно,я плачу.

Все споры теперь позади,
часы-разговоры.
Вернули часы.Впереди -
стрелка твоя.Для нас - ты на скором.
Мы для тебя теперь - если есть -
то как на ладони.
И наготове стоят по кустам
эти черные кони.

Трубку снимаю - ты знаешь ответ
и спешишь нас поставить
в ту же известность.Но "нет!" -
слово "нет!"
отшибает мне память!

2

Уходишь в ночь.
И тонок,тонок луч.
Вишу над тьмой.
За луч держусь и плачу.

Несчастный случай!

Свете Тихий мой!
Я не вмещаю,
что все это значит!

Я не вмещаю!

Господи!Прости!

В бессмысленность текут -
в бездонность -
слезы...
И застывают горько на пути...

Привязанность - обрывки нитей...
Слезы....

О помяни нас,Господи!Прости!
О помяни нас,Тихий,Тихий Свете! -
губами шевелю....

Дыханье - ветер -
душа - пылинка - крылышко -
в горсти...

1977

(reprinted courtesy of the author, Marina Glazova, and *Semiotic Scene* editors. The poem first appeared in Volume III, No. 2, *Semiotic Scene*, bulletin of the Semiotic Society of America.)

Scottish

Country of Origin

Scotland is an integral part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. A relatively small country, its land varies from mountain and loch to arable land. Historic castles enhance the scenery. The home of Highland and Lowland peoples, it carries on major industry in Glasgow and shipbuilding flourishes on the Clyde. Edinburgh is the capital city.

To Nova Scotia

People of Scottish descent constitute the second largest ethnic group in Nova Scotia. According to the 1961 Census, 25 percent of Nova Scotians are of Scottish origin. The 1770s mark the period when Scots began settling, although earlier settlements were established at Port Baleine in Cape Breton and Port Royal on the mainland. The ship *Hector*, commemorated on a Canadian postage stamp, arrived at Pictou in 1773. This marked the beginning of a major immigration that continued until the mid-nineteenth century. By 1830, there were large numbers of Scottish settlers in eastern Nova Scotia, mainly in Pictou and Antigonish counties and in western Cape Breton.

Emigration to Nova Scotia was promoted by the Scots in their search for improved economic conditions. Those who arrived in the 1800s came as a result of highland clearances, organized by landlords seeking a larger economic return on their property.

People of Scottish descent have actively influenced the educational and religious life of the province. Lord Dalhousie founded Dalhousie University, the province's largest and first non-denominational university and the Reverend Thomas McCulloch established Pictou Academy which was also open to all denominations and classes.

Today, the culture and traditions of "bonnie Scotland" are clearly in evidence. The Province has its own official territorial tartan and numerous Highland gatherings are held annually. The oldest of these, the Antigonish Highland Games, have been held for well over a century. The 1979 International Gathering of the Clans (the second of its kind) held for the first time outside Scotland, took place in Nova Scotia. Numerous Scottish dance groups have been organized in Nova Scotia and pipe and drum bands are colourful additions to many parades and gatherings. "Ceilidhs", social get-togethers known for their music and step dancing, are always popular in Scottish communities. Many formal gatherings begin with the "piping in" of head table dignitaries and guests. This tradition is very popular in Nova Scotia and is not restricted specifically to Scottish events. When tourists cross the border from New Brunswick into Nova Scotia, a piper welcomes them. Few corners of life in Nova Scotia remain untouched by Scottish colour and tradition.

Knowledge of the Gaelic language is common to many in Cape Breton. Gaelic language classes are offered in many Nova Scotian communities. Self-instruction is often available through tapes at language laboratories. The Gaelic College of Celtic Folk Arts and Highland Home Crafts at St. Ann's, Cape Breton has, for many years, been a centre for the advancement of Highland culture in Nova Scotia. The College offers courses in Gaelic language and literature, piping, dancing and crafts.

Nova Scotians of Scottish descent are keenly interested in genealogy. Many have a record of the family tree and they are glad to discuss it.

Recent immigrants from Scotland have suggested that Scots in Nova Scotia have not kept up with changing traditions in their home country. One man felt that some of the traditions had become Canadianized. It is, for example, entirely untraditional for females to do sword dancing and, in the past, the kilt and sporran were never worn by women.

What does a contemporary Scot miss in a province where Scottish traditions are so much alive? "The long evenings and the vast, beautiful skies of Scotland!"

Sources:

— Four interviews in Sydney, Yarmouth, Halifax, Barrington Passage, and Weymouth
— *Banked Fires — The Ethnics of Nova Scotia* by Douglas F. Campbell
— Notes from various Clan Gatherings, 1979

"I feel at home everywhere"

Interview with Scottish-born Mary McLean, Shelburne County

I was born in Scotland, brought up in England, before I came here. For eight years, I worked in London. I came over by plane and found it boring, quick and a bit of a culture shock. I'd imagine that it must be awful for people with language barriers because the change is so quick and even speaking English, the adjustment was just amazing.

It was a big change but I was ready for it! I like the fresh air and the quiet. It didn't bother me. I missed a few things, but not very much. I came to Canada in response to advertisements as they were looking for teachers in this school. They found it very difficult to get teachers to come and teachers were scarce anyway and they wouldn't come to this rural area. The year I came, there must have been at least eight from England. I would think some of them have returned, some have gone to other parts of Canada and some are still here.

The people here are different, the systems are different, particularly the educational system. I find the school system and students extremely different. It took me about four years to get used to the difference and to understand it even. I think the first four years I was just living in my world and they were living in their world. I found this extremely different, the attitudes, the way they learn — the standards of learning. I think it's North America in general because I have a sister who lives in the States and it's the same with her. My niece has grown up and is American now and I find the same differences in her. The staff attitudes, the way the school works, the P.A. system, although I think they've got a few of those in England now. Everything was so different, the lack of student cooperation. Very, very interesting!

I miss being able to get a Russian teacher. Every year I was in London, I could learn something new. I'm interested in languages, so I would learn a new one every couple of years. But whatever you want to do, in a city, any city, you could do it, even if I went to Toronto. It's just the fact that this is a rural area. I've always enjoyed travelling — it seems to be in my blood.

I've always thought that Scottish people are rather like this, they move around so much, but they always think that Scotland is the homeland. Although I left there when I was five, I never felt that England was home. I lived there and was quite at ease, and grew up there. Still I feel as if I am just journeying on.

I'm very interested in this feeling. I wonder if many Scottish people have it. I've even asked them! I feel as if I've been travelling from the time that I left Scotland. I can see the train and I can see the big daisies, when the train stopped on the bank, on the way to England and I feel as if I've never felt that England was my home and I don't feel that Canada is — anywhere really. I feel at home everywhere! Wherever I am, I feel at home and I don't have any roots. Spiritual kind of links rather than anything else!

I return to Scotland very occasionally, just about every two years for a short holiday. I have relatives that still live there but we're not really close. In fact, when I do go back, it's peculiar.

You've probably heard other Scottish people saying it but you have a strange feeling that you're home, at the same time you're not. You're an alien as well!

Nova Scotia is a lovely place to live and it is where I want to be. At the moment, I have no intentions of going anywhere else. Wherever I am at the moment is where I'm at home and at the moment, it's here in Nova Scotia!

Spanish

Country of Origin

Spain has influenced the language, customs and political traditions of many countries through an early history of exploration and conquest. Located in south western Europe, Spain now hosts many visitors attracted to its colourful way of life. Tourists also like to visit the Canary Islands (named after canis — the wild dogs that once lived there) and the Balearics (composed of 16 islands), both provinces of Spain. The Spanish mountains are very beautiful and rich in minerals. Wheat, grapes, cotton and olive trees grow in various regions, aided by irrigation systems left by the Moors. Madrid is the capital city and Barcelona the major port.

To Nova Scotia

There may be 50 people of Spanish origin in Nova Scotia, although they have been fairly transient and numbers are difficult to estimate. The first Spaniards to arrive on Nova Scotian shores came from Galicia looking for better fishing grounds. It is only in recent years that any Spaniards have actually settled here. A few families arrived during the 1960s. One man commented that people of Spanish descent make a very small group in Nova Scotia. Thus far they have retained their language. Most of them were able to speak English on arrival and therefore find it fairly easy to adjust to this society. They are employed as professors, doctors, inspectors and carpenters. A few make their living as fishermen.

The Spaniards who have come here represent three of the four ethnic groups found in Spain: Catalans, Galicians and Castilians. We probably hold many misconceptions about Spanish traditions and way of life. These differ considerably from one area to another. Bullfights, for example, are a national sport, but only in southern and central Spain. Flamenco dancing is typical of the Gypsies. The game of soccer is one thing that could be considered national. It is a dearly loved sport, played throughout the entire country.

Most Spanish people in Nova Scotia have retained their culture. The cuisine is traditional chicken, rice and shellfish, often eaten in the late evening — a common mealtime for the Spanish. Occasionally, you might even be able to watch jota (dance) at a special gathering. The style will vary according to the region from which it originated.

Most Spaniards are practicing Roman Catholics. Spanish National Day is celebrated on May 2, and St. Joseph's Day, on August 15.

Sources:

— two taped interviews in Halifax and Mahone Bay

— *"Area Handbook for Spain"*, Eugene K. Keefe and others, 1st edition, 1976.

"I feel at home in Nova Scotia"

Interview with Spanish-born
Professor Antonio Ruiz-Salvador, Halifax

I was born in Spain's capital city, Madrid, during the Spanish Civil War. My father's family comes from Madrid, and my mother comes from an area in the northern part of Spain. That it why I am half Basque, half Castillian.

I came to Nova Scotia in 1973. I was in the United States for 13 years as a student and teacher.

The main reason I came here, was to live in a rural area by the sea. Those were the two conditions that I had, and there was also a university where I could teach, in this area.

I had never heard of Nova Scotia. I had heard of Canada! So, I came to Dalhousie, without being able to pronounce the name. It was, in a sense, non-economical, non-political, and basically a decision somewhat strange for the usual reasons most people immigrate.

I came with my wife and child. My parents are still in Spain.

After living for 13 years in the Boston area, the first thing that surprised me in Halifax, was the politeness of the people. I was surprised by the fact that when we were in the street, cars actually stopped. I had never experienced that sort of thing in Madrid! Another thing was that there were people in places where I wouldn't expect pleasantness. By this, I mean, for instance, the Registry of Motor Vehicles. When I went to that place to get my Nova Scotia license, I was amazed at how pleasant the people were! This lasted for about a month, until one day in a drugstore I met a really unpleasant lady. She was so unpleasant that I told her I felt somehow reassured that I was in a human place because, after a month, I had finally met an unpleasant person! What I liked of Halifax, and I still do very much, after six years, is the human dimension of the city. There are certain things that I don't like particularly, but there is a certain feeling that this place is inhabited by human beings. You don't get that feeling in Boston, you don't get it in my home city of Madrid, but you do get it here!

I had shed a lot of the nostalgia during my 13 years in Boston. What happens to most groups is that when you arrive in a foreign land, you tend to associate with people that are like you, and you have great sessions on saying how great it was "back home", and great sessions of eating Spanish things that you wouldn't eat "back home"! It's like some sort of Spanish attack. I went through that many years ago in Boston. I would say that in the last 10 years I have associated (in the U.S. and Nova Scotia), with people that were interesting or with whom I shared certain things. I was never interested in the fact that they might be Spaniards, Quebecois or Russians.

As an urban Spaniard, I had much less trouble moving from Madrid to Toronto, than a rural Spaniard has moving to Madrid.

If you come from a rural area in Spain, you have a definite culture. In fact, you have cultural shock if you move from a village in Spain to Madrid, a city of four million people. There is the problem of keeping what you have. Coming from Madrid and moving to Boston, then coming to Halifax, being urban life, there is very little you have to keep. It is more or less the same thing, except one thing that I have kept for 17 years, and that is having supper at Spanish hours. I have never been able to eat at 5:30. It has to be at least nine o'clock.

After having been outside of the country for almost 18 years, there are certain things I miss the most. It's not the cultural aspect, it's the weather! The weather in Nova Scotia, especially at certain times of the year, is not what I would like to have. If I had a choice, I would have the summer and fall of Nova Scotia, and winter and spring of Spain (Madrid). I can't have it all, but I do miss it.

A custom that I miss, perhaps, although more in Boston than in Nova Scotia, something that is quickly disappearing altogether, is meeting with friends daily, before work, at lunch, or after work, for a beer or something. A friend was one you saw daily. That was not the case in Boston. I had to adjust a lot to their idea of friendship, which was a person that was on the verge of being transferred, and I had a lot of problems ajusting to that. The point is, the kind of friendships that we had in Spain 20 years ago are no longer possible, because at that time, Madrid was just under a million people and now it is around four million. To see a friend now, it is such a complicated affair, from a traffic point of view.

People are now beginning to exist in a type of isolation. The more people around you, the less people you see, and the more restaurants around you, the less restaurants you go to. The more things there are around you, the less things you do. You find that in New York, too. The things that I miss about Spain are things that no longer exist in Spain right now. I talk with my friends in Spain about "the good old days", and they agree. This is not something I am missing because I am in Halifax, but because Spain has changed a lot. Many Haligonians must also think that life is so much more complicated and different now for them, compared to twenty years ago.

Now I would find it very difficult to live in Madrid, because it wouldn't be like going back. It's a completely different city. When I was a child, it was a little under a million, now it is four times that. You feel like a foreigner in your own city which is okay for a while, but the whole thing has grown in such a way, that I wouldn't live there. I could see myself living in the countryside somewhere, because I'm a countryside convert after living in Nova Scotia. In that sense, though, it would not be going back to my ethnic community. I would much prefer to live in the islands or one of the Basque countries, the northern part. I can see myself doing that very easily. A Spaniard never really leaves his country. The reference is always "back home", but my definition of "home" now is quite different. When Spaniards talk about Spain, they are usually generalizing, from their own experiences in their own small community. In that sense, I could never go back home!

Ukrainian

Country of Origin

The Ukraine is an agriculturally rich land, stretching from the Carpathian Mountains, along the north shore of the Black Sea, to the River Don and to the Caucasus. It is bordered by Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Romania. The Ukraine began its recorded history in the 19th century as the Kievan state of Rus, a Slavic state with a dynasty of Scandinavian origin. The climate is continental with hot summers and severe winters. Kiev is the capital city and Odessa is the principal port.

To Nova Scotia

The Ukrainians began settlement in Nova Scotia just after the turn of the 19th century. Nicholas Fedora was among the first Ukrainians to settle in Cape Breton, where many of his countrymen were first employed as miners in Marble Mountain. He later found employment in Sydney, building the steel plant.

In 1904, Ukrainians arrived to work at the Sydney steel plant. Most of the first Ukrainians to arrive in Nova Scotia came to Cape Breton (Sydney and Glace Bay areas). They were usually from the provinces of Galicia and Bukovina which were under the rule of the Austrian Empire. A number of families settled in Halifax, Stellarton, New Glasgow and North Sydney. Of these, a few later moved to the Sydney area.

Ukrainians have been referred to as Ruthenians, Russniaks, Galicians, Bukovinians, Little Russians and, occasionally, since most Ukrainians came from Galicia and Bukovina (two Ukrainian provinces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire) as Austrians. Many Ukrainians were prompted to leave their homeland due to a feeling of injustice from political, social and religious oppression. A movement of Western Ukrainians took place after the Second World War. These people were usually highly educated and fled for political reasons.

During the First World War, many Ukrainians in the Sydney area were placed under official observation because they had come from the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Fairly large groups were also brought to the Cape Breton area from internment camps in Kapuskasing, Ontario (100), Spirit Lake, Ontario (200) and even Amherst, Nova Scotia (600). Upon arrival they were put to work in the coal mines and steel plant. They continued to work in the steel plant and mines but they had to report weekly to the Chief of Police. Many of their descendants still live in the Glace Bay, Birch Grove and Donkin areas.

Ukrainian cultural organizations have been formed in Sydney and in Halifax. These organizations foster the Ukrainian language, song and dance. Active also in nurturing the Ukrainian heritage in Sydney is the Ukrainian Holy Ghost Parish (Catholic). The first Byzantine rite mass was celebrated in the Holy Redeemer Church, Whitney Pier, Sydney on November 17, 1912. In 1916, a Ukrainian Orthodox (St. George) Church was formed and was active until 1923, when it was liquidated. Reorganized again in the late

1930s, it disbanded in the late 1940s.

Many Ukrainians in Nova Scotia have staunchly maintained their culture, despite decades of settlement in a new land. Their varied arts include: music, literature, architecture, fine arts, embroidery, folk-dress, rug-making, egg decorating, ceramics and wood carvings.

Physically, the Ukrainians are strong, hardy, capable and of great endurance. As a peasant people, they are noted for their perseverance, but have an uneven Slavic temperament. Frequent exposure to hard times has resulted in a certain cautiousness about their character. This has also increased their sense of individualism.

The Ukrainians have a highly evolved selection of folk music consisting of an extensive repertoire of folk songs, choral music and folk dances. Religious and family customs, traditional beliefs, legends, tales and proverbs plus their distinctive culinary art all make for a rich Ukrainian heritage that is known throughout the world.

Canadians of Ukrainian background inherited the fine art of "writing" pysanky from their parents who preserved and developed Easter egg writing to the point where it occupies an exceptional place in their creative arts. It is fast gaining popularity throughout the whole of North America.

Archaeological excavations in the Ukraine show that the making of pysanky was practiced several thousand years before the Christian era, when eggs symbolized the release of the earth from the shackles of winter and the coming of spring with its promise of new hope, new life and prosperity. Since the advent of Christianity, however, Easter-eggs symbolize the Resurrection and a promise of eternal life. Legend has it that as long as pysanky are decorated, goodness will prevail over evil throughout the world. The current use of some motifs that were predominant in Neolithic times is proof of the continuity of cherished ancient tradition.

Many Ukrainians in Nova Scotia have staunchly maintained their culture, despite decades of settlement in a new land. Some of the arts — especially pysanky — are taught in homes and in classes held in Sydney and the Halifax-Dartmouth region.

The Ukrainian language belongs to the Eastern Slavic Group of Indo-European languages. Canadians in Nova Scotia vary in their ability to speak the language. However, knowledge of the mother tongue is considered to be important and is fostered by classes given by the Sydney and Halifax-Dartmouth groups.

Many traditional Ukrainian foods are still prepared. Best known and loved include: *borsht*, a beet soup; *holubtsi*, cabbage rolls; and *varenyky*, a traditional dumpling made of soft dough and served with a generous portion of *smetana*, sour cream. *Kilach* is a braided ring-shaped bread prepared for religious and family gatherings. Another bread familiar to Ukrainians in Nova Scotia is *paska*, a rich roundbread made for Easter. Wheat, rye and barley-grains, abundantly produced in the Ukraine, find their way into the culture. The Ukrainian life style is close to the soil.

Sources:

- — three taped interviews in Halifax and Sydney
- — *50th Anniversary (1913-1963 — The Ukrainian Holy Ghost Parish, Sydney, Nova Scotia*
- — *Ukrainian Arts*, ed. by Anne Mitz, (New York; Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, Inc. 1955)
- — *Ukrainian Artcraft* (photocopied material from John Huk)
- — *Ukrainian Canadians*, Senator Paul Yuzyk
- — *Ukrainian Canadiana*

"By being better Ukrainians... they become better Canadians

Some views of Mr. and Mrs. John Huk, Sydney

What is a Canadian, if it's not a lot of different cultures together? It's good that people keep their customs, their traditions because that's what makes up Canada. People are different. Ukrainians are in a peculiar situation because there is no such thing as an independent Ukraine today. They have been dominated for centuries by several nations. Every one of those nations didn't want them to surface. They would say, "You're not allowed to wear Ukrainian costumes and you're not allowed to have Ukrainian schools". Because they weren't allowed, they went underground. But when they came to Canada, they were not prevented from keeping their customs and traditions. Here in Canada nobody really stopped them, so traditions really flourished, I think, for the benefit of everybody. Not only for the Ukrainian people, for Canada itself. By being better Ukrainians, I think they became better Canadians really.

At Whitney Pier, we all lived together, all the ethnic groups. We all went to the same schools. They called us "Hunks"; Italians, "Wops", the Blacks, "Niggers"; the Hungarians and the Polish, were also called "Hunks". We were called this all the time, from Grade One up. But I really don't think it had the same meaning then as it does today. Today it's discrimination. What was it when we were going to school? We didn't think anything of it. We didn't call ourselves this.

There were many different ethnic groups at the Pier, and if we called one another a "Wop", "Hunk", "Nigger", it didn't have the same meaning or sting among ourselves as when an English-speaking person used it. It seemed that by the time you were in High School you never used these terms.

To an English-speaking person, foreigners were all the same. My mother spoke broken English, and his mother spoke broken English. I'm Polish; he's Ukrainian: the Hungarian women spoke broken English and the Yugoslavians spoke broken English. Everybody was in the same boat and we understood one another, but the English-speaking people didn't understand any of us.

I'll never forget the Gibsons, a black family. They lived around the corner. The Gibsons used to hang around with the Poles and Ukrainians. The Gibsons could speak and understand Ukrainian and Polish. After the Second World War when many displaced persons began arriving in Sydney, they were surprised to meet a black person who not only understood them but answered them in Polish or Ukrainian.

Ukrainian costumes depend on the region they're from. Every region has a different costume. They even spoke with a different dialect, really, although they could understand one another. Most Ukrainians in Cape Breton came from Galicia. There are not too many here from other parts of the Ukraine. Galicia is on the border of Poland, in western Ukraine.

Once upon a time, we'd have our own Ukrainian concerts and dances. All the ethnic groups had their own halls and provided their own entertainment and this sort of isolated them. Although these groups found it easy to mingle with one another, it was the English-speaking people who found it difficult to mingle then.

However, today, with multiculturalism at its peak, it seems now the English-speaking people want the ethnic groups to provide this natural entertainment and even provide money (grants) to get it. Unfortunately, it comes out as a commercialized version instead of being spontaneous and natural.

The first Ukrainian to Sydney

Nicholas Fedora

(November 11, 1879-January 18, 1943)

(An account of the first Ukrainian settler in Sydney, Nova Scotia, gleaned from notes made by his daughter, Mrs. Rose Turner, Beaumont, Texas and by his son, John, of Sydney. Other contributions were made by his son, William, of Sydney)

A 22-year-old Ukrainian arrived by ship in Halifax, Nova Scotia in 1901. He proceeded to Cape Breton Island, eventually settling in Sydney, Nova Scotia. His arrival was to make history in our province. One of the first settlers to come to Nova Scotia, he was the first to settle in Sydney.

Nicholas Fedora was that young man. Today, most of his descendants still live along the Atlantic coast.

Born in 1880 in the village of Nadoroznia, in the province of Toumach, he was orphaned at the age of 11 and travelled in Europe before emigrating to Nova Scotia.

"Dad came to Glace Bay to work in the mines, but he didn't like the place so he went to Sydney where he got a job at the steel plant," writes his son John. "His first job was at Marble Mountain, about twenty miles from St. Peters."

"He had no English and no money. He told me that he landed in Nova Scotia with one shilling (about 25¢). He learned English quickly, so he got a job in the blast furnace department. Dad spoke Ukrainian, Polish, Russian, German, Austrian, Czechoslovakian and learned English here. Since there were many foreign workers coming to the plant, he got the job of interpreter and employment agent. Also, as an agent for Holland American Lines, he helped hundreds of people come to Canada."

His son, William, relates that his father was a court interpreter, acting as a spokesman for any immigrant who might have experienced legal difficulties.

"In 1904, he married Rozalia Przybyla, who was born in Kulce, a country in Poland," notes his daughter, Rose Turner. "They had nine children, although two died in infancy. Dad's brother and his wife died, leaving two boys who were raised by my parents. I have always considered these boys as my brothers."

"Papa was a hard worker who was destined to own some land." Mr. Fedora purchased several properties in the Whitney Pier area and had houses built on them. "His dream was truly fulfilled when he had the old homestead built in Sydney River", said his son, William, of Sydney.

"Papa was active in his church, the Ukrainian one at Whitney Pier," relates Rose. "It seems that the first meeting was held at his home, 110 Ferris Street, Whitney Pier. My Father became the President of the Brotherhood of the Holy Ghost, which aimed at building a Ukrainian Catholic Church. From a small membership was built the church which is there now."

"We celebrated Christmas in the traditional way. The tree stayed up until January 7, which was really Papa's Christmas. Early mass and services took place, but no gifts were exchanged during "old" Christmas."

"At Easter time, Papa would bring home beautifully decorated eggs made by the women of the Ukrainian Church. They were much too pretty to eat."

"Some of the foods that I remember were borscht, potato soup, perogi, golumpi, fried cabbage, potato pancakes, punchki, yeast rolls, hot cross buns, bread (made with white and dark rye, baked every week or two) and homemade pickles and sauerkraut."

(Note: a picture of Mr. Fedora is carried in *50th Anniversary 1913-1963. The Ukrainian Holy Ghost Parish, Sydney, Nova Scotia* where he is mentioned as "the first Ukrainian to arrive in Sydney in 1901".)

"Canadian society is mosaic"

Comments by Rev. Edward Yarema,
Holy Ghost Parish, Sydney

The first Ukrainians who arrived in Canada were peasants. Their occupation was farming as in the old country. Then, since the Second World War, 70,000 Ukrainians arrived in Canada.

The first Ukrainian to arrive in Sydney was Nicholas Fedora, who came in 1901. In 1904, other Ukrainians arrived in Sydney to work in the steel plant. The church was formed in 1912. A group gathered together then to form the Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit. That was the beginning of our church here.

The early Ukrainians worked in the mill. After shifts, they would work in the basement to build the church. The church was built by 1913. The first priest was Father Cyril Yarme from Montreal, who celebrated the first Byzantine rite mass at the Holy Redeemer Church, Whitney Pier.

The Ukrainians immigrated here because their country was not affluent. They were searching for a better life and so they came to Canada. Reports coming from Canada suggested that they had good opportunity to settle down and make some money. Some came to make money, to work for a while and then to return home. Most of them, of course, stayed here. When they came over, they couldn't find employment immediately so at times they were without work, like many others in Canada. They used to travel the freight trains from one city to another, trying to find some kind of work. If a father would come, later on he'd bring over the wife and the children, as soon as he made enough money to pay for transportation to Canada. Many brought their whole family over.

In Sydney, they found jobs at the mine and steel mill. Some came to Halifax, others went to Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. We have about 500 people in the Sydney area.

They had difficult times here because they didn't know the language. To work, you had to know at least some English to be able to get along. They were foreigners. It was difficult to get a job. They weren't accepted readily into the community, not only here, but wherever they went in Canada. Because you are from a foreign country, no one knows you, you don't know the language, you don't know Canadian customs or traditions. It was quite difficult for them for a while. There was discrimination at that time. For a job, you had to be recommended.

You can imagine going to any country without the language. When we went to Europe and Turkey a couple of years ago, we didn't know the language. You can't even order in a restaurant! You have to point and that's what they had to do here. There was much difficulty in that regard.

Today, however, it's a total turn around. The Ukrainian people are in government, business, professions, members of parliament, senators, leaders of parties, in all occupations.

The Ukrainian language is spoken here today by many. Some younger ones understand it, but they can't speak it much. The children have Ukrainian school here twice weekly. The younger children come one day, and the older ones the next day. Courses in how to write the Ukrainian way are given. The traditions for Christmas, for example, are kept. The foods that they had in the old country are prepared for Christmas Eve supper. For example, we have 12 foods to represent the 12 apostles and the Ukrainian traditional dress is maintained. A Ukrainian dancing group is trained here. One group from Sydney travels to all parts of Canada and won a championship, twice in a row.

Ukrainians are hard working and they are committed, dedicated people. They built their own homes when they came here. They had to work at the beginning in the mill, some 10-12 hours at a time. After that they would come and build the church.

The first church was destroyed in a fire in 1930. So they tore it down and built another. Very hard working, they stay together. The church is the central point around which everything else is built. The men's club, the ladies' club, venturers' club and the school are all around the church. We have Ukrainian liturgy and English too, for the younger ones. It is still the Ukrainian rite. There are quite a few different rites in the Catholic Church and even the Orthodox have the Ukrainian ways.

When they first came, they worked in the mines in Glace Bay. The Ukrainians had quite a large community there, 67 families or so. In Sydney, they worked in the mill, the steel mill, and that was about the extent of their occupations, even though their occupation in Europe was more in the agricultural field. There were a few farmers here and we still have them here. Most of them worked in the mill but later on they were able to buy a small business, like a grocery store or a confectionery, a shoe repair shop in the Pier.

Today, the younger ones graduate in medicine, law, architecture and politics like any other Canadian. There is an architect in our parish. Many leave, of course, because we didn't have the job opportunities here. So after they graduate, they go to Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, New Brunswick, Calgary, and Edmonton.

We consider ourselves Ukrainian Canadians. You can't take one and substitute another. We're Ukrainian-Canadians, like everybody else is Scottish-Canadian or Irish-Canadian. We are not just plain abstract Canadian. We all have roots someplace and we bring our roots and that is what we are. We have to have the two. That is why we have ethnic groups and ethnic communities. So everybody is ethnic! Canadian society is mosaic and some mosaic pieces are bigger while some are smaller. But it doesn't matter what color or structure is the mosaic. Any little mosaic that you would take away would spoil that whole! If you take two or three, you have those spaces in that mosaic which should be filled with these ethnic communities.

Each year, we give a course in Easter egg painting to a couple of Anglican churches. They were very excited about being able to do this. We gave a course in North Sydney and another church participated from Sydney River. Just before that, it was the Salvation Army! One magazine wrote a whole series of articles on the painting of Easter eggs.

We have also done divine liturgy and Mass For Shut-ins on television. The ladies wore their embroidered blouses and the men their Ukrainian shirts.

It's a lot more difficult for each generation to preserve the Ukrainian culture, especially language. The second generation doesn't speak enough Ukrainian at home now, so the children don't learn. In school, it is more difficult to teach the Ukrainian language because there is no background at home. For Christmas and Easter they will be keeping the same traditions. The church keeps the traditions. It's just the language that will, unfortunately, be lost by the next generation.

We have certain national days to mark when the Ukraine had achieved freedom. We celebrate the birth of Taras Shevchenko, the national poet, who was born on March 9, 1814. We celebrate his day. Then there are those who brought Christianity to the Ukraine, including St. Olga, who brought Christianity through the missionaries of Greece to the Ukraine. So we have several of these important Ukrainian national days in the calendar.

Welsh

Country of Origin

Wales became part of the United Kingdom in 1284. A mountainous country, it is rich in minerals, especially coal, iron, copper, lead and zinc. The Welsh are descendants of the Celts. The Celtic language is spoken by less than a quarter of the population now but many poems are still read or sung in that language. The Welsh national anthem is "Hen wlad fy Nhadau, Lord of my Fathers". Cardiff is both its capital and one of many deep sea ports.

To Nova Scotia

A small, distinct group of immigrants to Nova Scotia are from the British principality of Wales. As early as the middle 1700s, Welshmen were represented among the explorers and missionaries who came to Canada, but they did not come in large numbers. Today, there are approximately 150,000 Welsh people in Canada, almost half of whom live in the western provinces.

Those who have settled in Nova Scotia have generally come after being offered a position. A few have arrived simply as a result of following their adventurous spirit. They have not settled as a group in any area.

Upon arrival here, they have seldom encountered problems with customs and the helpfulness of Canadian immigration officials eased their entry. They find Canada a nice place to live, although love of their homeland remains.

The Welsh have assimilated into the Canadian way of life to the point that one lady was afraid of losing her "Welshness". Characteristics of the Welsh are difficult to define since much of their cultural heritage is closely related to the rest of Britain. One occasion that is celebrated only by the Welsh falls on March 3, the day of their patron saint, St. David. To mark the day, they wear the traditional daffodil and leek on their lapels and listen to the music of their homeland throughout the day. Welsh choirs are known over the world, as well as male voice competitions at the Eisteddfod. On New Year's Eve, another custom continues to be observed. A log, received upon moving into a new home or apartment, is lit just before midnight and burned throughout the evening. During this time, usually the head of the family goes out the back door, and returns through the front door with a new log which symbolizes the new year. This log is kept until next New Year's Eve.

Special cakes and puddings, distinctive of their homeland, are served at Christmas time. Lamb is a favorite dish of the Welsh. Also favored are leek and potato soup, Welsh griddle cakes and teisen lap (raisin bread).

They are Protestant in religious orientation, usually joining Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian congregations. Services offered at these churches in Canada are similar to those found in Wales.

Welsh immigrants to Nova Scotia miss the history and culture of their country and of Britain in general. They often visit the Isles.

Welsh people are happy with their reception in

Nova Scotia. One man suggested, "if one has to live anywhere but Wales, then sure, this is the best place!"

Sources:
— a taped interview in Yarmouth
— one (not taped) interview in Halifax
— *Encyclopedia Canadiana*, "People of Welsh Origin"
— *National Geographic Atlas of the World*

A Travel Story

by Nancy Williams, Halifax

Ms. Williams is of Welsh and English descent, but she has lived in Japan for some time. Here is her story:

When I finished university in Canada, I wanted to do some travelling, so I went over to Europe. It was to be a six-month trip. However, while I was travelling through Europe meeting various people and experiencing their cultures, I became interested in going beyond central Europe; the Middle East, the Far East and Africa. I began my journey in North Africa and continued through Morocco, Algeria and finally into Egypt. The conflict in Israel sparked my interest in seeing the country, so I went and worked on a kibbutz for a while.

I travelled through Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan and India, staying varying lengths of time (anywhere from three weeks to two months in India) and then ventured on to Nepal. I did some trekking in the Himalayas, and then decided to go on to Bangkok, at which point my money was running low. Fortunately, I am a teacher and there was a position available at the American school there. I was able to work there for a year. While I was in Bangkok, I became very interested in Japan. I had met many Japanese, who were either working or studying there. The more these people told me about the country, the more I was fascinated by it, so I decided to visit Japan and see if I could work there for a while.

When I first arrived, I travelled around for four months, and ended up in Tokyo. I met various people who said, "You can teach here if you'd like to teach English". To better understand the Japanese culture and language, I also attended university while there and in doing so benefited both myself and the Japanese students I was teaching.

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Ethnic Cultures in Nova Scotia

Ethnic Cultures in Nova Scotia

- *Acadian*
- *Afrikaaner*
- *American*
- *Armenian*
- *Australian*
- *Austrian*
- *Bangladeshi*
- *Belgian*
- *Black*
- *Byelorussian*
- *Chilean*
- *Chinese*
- *Cuban*
- *Cypriot*
- *Czech*
- *Danish*
- *Dutch*
- *East Indian*
- *Egyptian*
- *English*
- *Estonian*
- *Filipino*
- *Finnish*
- *French*
- *German*
- *Ghanaian*
- *Greek*
- *Guyanese*
- *Hungarian*
- *Icelandic*
- *Indonesian*
- *Iranian (Persian)*
- *Iraqi*
- *Irish*
- *Italian*
- *Japanese*
- *Jewish*
- *Kenyan*
- *Korean*
- *Latvian*
- *Lebanese*
- *Lithuanian*
- *Macedonian*
- *Malaysian*
- *Micmac*
- *Norwegian*
- *Pakistani*
- *Polish*
- *Portuguese*
- *Romanian*
- *Russian*
- *Scottish*
- *Sikh*
- *Slovakian*
- *Slovenian*
- *Spanish*
- *Swedish*
- *Swiss*
- *Turkish*
- *Ugandan*
- *Ukrainian*
- *Vietnamese*
- *Welsh*
- *West Indian*
- *Yugoslavian*

Census of Canada

Nova Scotia Statistics

1871, 1901, 1941, 1971

Nova Scotia	1871	1901	1941	1971
Population	387,800	459,574	577,962	788,960
British Isles	314,224	359,064	445,178	611,310
English	113,520	159,753	221,442	393,435
Scottish	130,741	143,382	154,846	139,740
Irish	62,851	54,710	65,300	75,265
Welsh	1,112			2,855
Other		1,219	3,590	20
French	32,833	45,161	66,260	80,215
Austrian			219	250
Austro-Hungarian		99		
Belgian		62	828	665
Bulgarian			109	
Byelorussian				20
Chinese (includes Japanese)		107	372	935
Czech (includes Slovaks)			533	540
Danish			897	1,055
East Indian				1,345
Indo-Pakistani				1,165
Other (Hindu)	3		15	185
Eskimo			4	20
Estonian				140
Finnish			96	235
German	31,942	41,020	15,038	40,910
Greek	24		335	1,220
Hungarian			554	755
Icelandic			31	160
Italian	152	285	2,304	3,770
Japanese (see Chinese)			2	85
Jewish		449	2,285	2,535
Latvian				105
Lithuanian			187	290
Native Indians	1,666	1,542	2,063	4,475
"Halfbreeds"		87	430	
Negro (African)	6,212	5,984	8,817	5,850
Netherlands	2,868 (Dutch)	2,941 (Dutch)	23,834	14,845
Norwegian			687	1,980
Polish (includes Russian)	28		2,206	3,260
Portuguese (see Spanish)				475
Romanian			221	24[illegible]
Russian (see Polish)		74	534	245
Slovak (see Czechs)				130
Scandinavian	283	696		
Spanish (includes Portuguese)	251			640
Swedish			738	835
Swiss	1,775	1,004		
Syrian-Lebanese			1,469	2,005
Ukrainian			711	2,315
West Indian				400
Yugoslav			224	355
Croatian				70
Serbian				0
Slovenian				15
Yugoslav				275
Other & Unknown	1,539	999	781	4,345

Note:

In recent decades, data for the British Isles group is usually shown in total, rather than for English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh, since intermarriage has taken place at relatively high levels. Data for individual groups is included, although it should be borne in mind that these figures are considered less reliable.

Other groups have changed through the years. For instance:

— in certain years, the census of Canada clustered together various ethnic groups, such as the Scandinavian (Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish), Japanese and Chinese, Czechs and Slovaks, and the Spanish and Portuguese.

— they also changed headings for various groups over the years ("Dutch" became "Netherlands")

— the group "Swiss" was cut out entirely, possibly because the three main ethnic groups in Switzerland are French, German and Italian. Yet, there are people in Nova Scotia who call themselves "Swiss".

— where specific headings occur, such as "African", "Hindu" and "Halfbreed", these were used in the census of that particular year.

— one heading no longer used is "Austro-Hungarian", because the Austro-Hungarian Empire ceased to exist in 1918.

We recognize that there are different interpretations of history. If you have different or additional views which you may want to share with us in order to have a more complete story, Please submit them to:

THE MULTICULTURAL ASSOCIATION OF NOVA SCOTIA
5516 Spring Garden Rd.
Suite 305
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3J 1G6